


THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 13.


PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28, 1883.

Whole No. 59



Easter Flowers.

BY J. ZITELLA COOKE.



GLAD bells rang in the Easter morn, and I
Was sad and weary of the things of time;
Nor would I list the Angel choir that sang,
In softest harmony, to their sweet chime;
And still their tuneful notes pealed on, until
The forests and the fields, and all the air,
Were filled with music of the Easter bells,
And Easter flowers were blooming everywhere.

And midst the joyous ringing of the bells
I caught the low, sweet voices of the flowers—
For God doth grant to them a tongue to soothe
The heart that aches in this sad world of ours—
And still they murmured, till mine ear did
lose
The swelling pæan of the happy bells,
And I stooped low, that I might hear once
more
The story that a simple flow'ret tells.

"I know that ye are bright and beautiful,"
I cried; "and your sweet breath doth
wake again
The memories of yore, and bind anew
The golden links of thought's electric
chain;
Ye mind me of the loved and lost,
and joys
And hopes of days that were too bright
to last;
But can ye give them back to me again?
One word from out the dead and silent Past?"

"Alas, your whispers are but mockeries!
From earth's cold graves ye have returned,
but where
The precious ones who went to sleep with you?
Do ye of them no sign, no tidings bear?"
And still with such a loving tenderness
They plead, that I could not refuse to hear:
And lo! close to my side a Passion Flower
Proclaimed, in accents wondrous
sweet and clear—

"I bear a sign and message from that Blessed One
 Who suffered eighteen hundred years ago;
 And through the rolling centuries of time
 I tell the story of His cross and woe!"
 And then a Lily fair, whose snowy cup
 Hung o'er the crystal stream, spoke, in a voice
 Of calm, assuring love, and bade my heart
 Forget its grief, and looking up, rejoice.

"I bear sweet tidings from Our Father's house;
 Look on my face; behold, I am His care!
 Upon His hand I live, from day to day,
 And spotless robes of radiant beauty wear."
 Half-hidden Violets then took the theme,
 And spoke the graces of humility;
 And Jasmines, from their leafy coronal,
 Told of a life from mortal sorrows free.

The shadows lengthened, and the day was spent,
 And ling'ring still, I listened to the flowers:
 "Fair teachers, ye have brought me peace," I cried,
 "And giv'n me strength for suffering's bitter hours."
 The night came on, and daylight sank to rest.
 The earth was still—the happy birds—the air;
 The Easter bells had hushed their joyous song,
 But Easter flowers were blooming everywhere!

EASTER BELLS.

Ring, ye joyous Easter bells!
 Stir the heart! awake the nation!
 Thrill the world with glad pulsation!
 Christ, who brought us free salvation;
 Christ, the Saviour for us born—
 From the grave 'rose Easter morn.

Ring triumphant, Easter bells!
 Joy for sad hearts reunited!
 Joy for wrongs that have been righted!

Joy for noble lives indited
 On Time's page by History's pen,
 Lives of nations and of men.

Ring, O happy Easter bells—
 Ring the birth of spring-time vernal!
 Ring the birth of souls eternal!
 Ring the endless love supernal!
 Ring the dawn of better days,
 Hearts of truth and songs of praise!

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

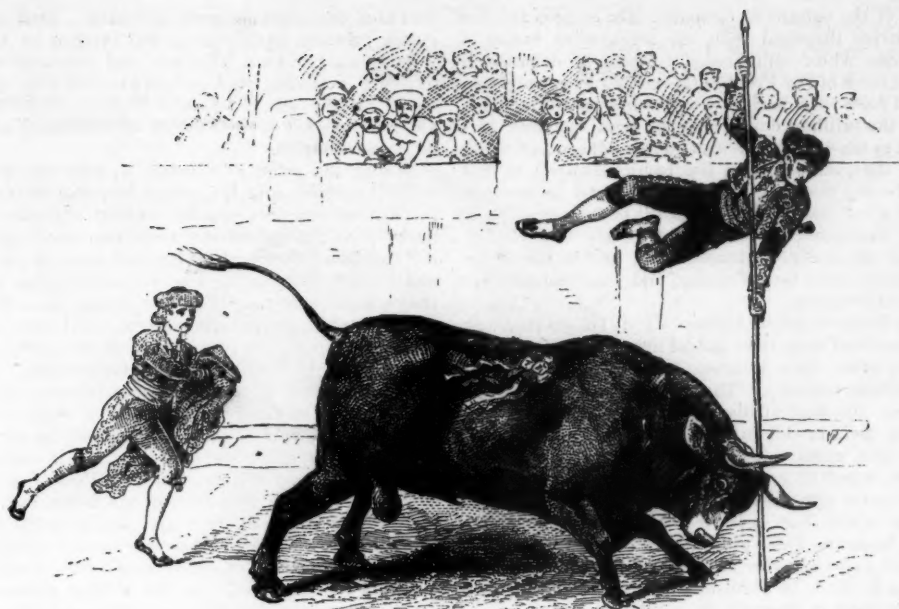
EASTER SONG.

Is Easter rise
 With glad surprise,
 Charming the tear-drops from your eyes;
 'Tis God, All-wise,
 In Christ supplies
 That joyous life which never dies.
 If human ties
 Break oft, with sighs
 That desolate the heart! Despise

Not from the skies
 The one chief prize—
 Jesus—the Christ who never dies.
 From grief arise;
 Lift up thine eyes!
 'Tis Jesus calls; to thee He cries
 My sacrifice
 To faith describes
 The Life, the Hope that never dies.

E. T. FAIRCHILD.





THE FLYING LEAP.

A NATIONAL PASTIME.

El ancho circo se llena
De multitud clamorosa,
Que atiende á ver en su arena
La sangrienta lid dudosa,
Y todo en torno resuena.

Moratin—*Fiesta de Toros en Madrid.*

IN all ages and in all countries the disposition and genius of a people, as well as their state of civilization, have been almost infallibly indicated by the character of their amusements. The cold and sluggish nations of the North have devoted their leisure to exhibitions wherein were displayed mimic battles and feats of enormous strength; but among the fiery and impetuous races of Southern Europe, and particularly those of the Spanish peninsula, which have inherited, along with the untamed ferocity of Goth and Vandal, not a little of the refined cruelty of the Arab, diversions whose attractiveness is largely due to the risk of life and the shedding of blood have ever held the first place in the estimation of the multitude. This sanguinary taste for deeds of brutality, the atrocities of the Inquisition which with the sanction and authority of royalty burned and mutilated its victims in public, have carefully fostered and perpetuated. The universal and incredible popularity of the bull-fight with the masses, which at times degenerates into absolute frenzy, illustrates, far better than any commentary can do, the bent of the Spanish mind and the degradation of the Spanish character.

The bull-fight, suggested doubtless by the gladiatorial combats that once constituted an important feature of the amusements of every Roman city and colony, is a reminiscence of the Moors. In the prosperous days of

the kingdom of Granada it was customary for the Moorish chivalry, skilled in all the manly exercises of the time, to fight bulls in the Plaza de la Bibarrambla, the scene of many a tilt of reeds, and of more than one friendly contest with their Christian rivals. The knights—for none of inferior rank were allowed to participate—were dressed in gala costume, and mounted upon swift Barbary horses trained in the tournament and the foray. The only weapon carried by the rider was a short spear about five feet long, and having a butt like that of a lance. With this he was expected to dispatch the bull with a blow delivered between the shoulder and the spine, the very place where the Spanish *espada* plants his death-dealing sword. It was accounted disgraceful to wound the bull in any other part of the body; and if the knight were so unfortunate as to lose his weapon, he was driven from the arena by the jeers and shouts of the spectators. Affording, as it did, a display of graceful and daring horsemanship, as well as of dexterity in the use of the *jerrid*, or spear, the original bull-fight was a very different affair from the cruel exhibition of to-day. There was none of the revolting butchery that disgraces the latter, for rarely, indeed, did it happen that a horse was sacrificed, and still more rarely that a man fell a victim to the rage of the infuriated beast, that, bewildered by the rapid movements of his enemies—whose sagacious horses, guided solely by the pressure of the rider's knees, advanced in turn to the attack, or retired to give place to others—was soon exhausted and killed.

We may imagine, if not describe, the splendors that, under the cloudless sky of Andalusia, invested these games in the quaint old Plaza de la Bibarrambla during

the rule of the sultans of Granada. The endless arcades and galleries thronged with the bright-eyed ladies of the harem, whom enlightened custom, in defiance of the injunction of the Prophet, permitted to appear with unveiled faces; the many-colored robes sparkling with jewels; the brilliant court, and the grim monarch surrounded by his vigilant African guards; the sea of white turbans that, massed near the barrier, swayed to and fro with every motion of the excited crowd as they applauded some bold thrust or adroit maneuver of their favorite champion, all conspired to make the Moorish bull-fight wonderfully attractive to a people famed for their luxury, their love of pomp, and their magnificent games and festivals.

It was in the reign of Alfonso VI of Toledo that this sport, borrowed from their infidel neighbors, with whom they were often upon intimate terms, was adopted by the Castilian chivalry. The Cid, "*El soberbio Castellano*," and the idol of his romantic countrymen, who made him their model in all that related to knightly courtesy and warfare, was the first Spaniard to enter the arena, where he greatly distinguished himself, eliciting the hearty applause and admiration of the Moors, an event which has been celebrated by the graceful muse of Moratin. Once established, the bull-fight, well calculated to please the venturesome spirit of an age delighting in deeds of heroism and reckless daring, obtained too firm a foothold to be shaken even by the edicts of Queen Isabella, whose sense of humanity had been outraged by the death of two performers in the

first and only *fiesta* she ever attended. That wise and gentle princess, having ever the interest of her subjects at heart, did not fail to see, and frequently deplore, in their increasing and passionate devotion to sports involving the loss of life and limb, a disposition that augured no good to their future advancement and happiness as a nation.

During the reign of Charles V, who was himself a skillful *toreador*, and his successors, the bull-fight became more and more popular, until it numbered in the ranks of its champions the most renowned soldiers of the kingdom, among whom not the least in reputation was Francisco Pizarro. The accession of the house of Bourbon, however, which introduced the effeminate manners and absurd etiquette of the Court of Versailles, put an end to this, as well as to other national amusements, by making them unfashionable. Exhibitions modeled after the original ones, wherein the superb horsemanship of the Spanish nobles is shown to great advantage, are now occasionally given at the celebration of a coronation, a royal marriage, or a christening. They are styled "*Fiestas Reales de Toros*," or "*Royal Bull Feasts*;" but, as the lance has fallen into disuse, and the mounted cavaliers are unable to kill the bull without assistance, a professional *matador* is always on hand to finish him after he has been tortured sufficiently to satisfy the audience. The last of these *fiestas*, a noteworthy part of the wedding festivities of Alfonso XII and Queen Mercedes, took place at Madrid on the twenty-third day of January, 1878, in the presence of eighteen thousand spectators.

The usual mode of fighting bulls on foot, known as "*La Corrida de Toros*," or "*Bull Race*," dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the sport, hitherto the exclusive privilege of the nobility, became the business of professionals, who have always been recruited from the lowest classes of society.

The education of a bull-fighter lasts through many years. His first essays are made with the cape, with which he learns all the tricks of the *chulo*, to provoke and avoid the charge, and it is only after considerable experience with animals with padded horns—from which is expected nothing more serious than an abundance of bruises and an occasional toss in the air—that he ventures into the ring to play the part of *capeador*. If he is sufficiently dexterous, and aspires to *banderillear*, or handle the darts, he serves a tedious apprenticeship, which entails far more danger than the preceding one. And here he usually stops, for the *espada*, like the poet, "is born, not made," and no amount of experience or familiarity with the mere details of bull-fighting will produce a *matador* if the candidate is not naturally adapted to it. The intended *espada* must have taken, and be thoroughly skilled in, the various preliminary degrees of his art before he attempts the final and most difficult one, which, if attained, will bring him to the summit of his ambition. To accomplish this he betakes himself to the shambles and practices daily upon cattle the blows with which in time he expects to win the applause of the mighty concourse in the amphitheatre. Next, like the *chulo*, he



THE PICADOR'S FAREWELL.



THE CHULO.

tries his hand upon bulls with blunted horns, until he is declared ready for the real contest, the "*lucha de muerte*."

As for the *picador*, or spearman, his part requires little more than brute strength; for, besides the armor in which his legs are encased, his horse protects him, and receives the brunt of the attack. Any one with powerful arms and shoulders, who is a good rider—and there are few Spaniards who are not—can become a *picador*. His rôle is much less esteemed than that of his comrades, because he does not run as great a risk of a *cojida*, or "catch," as the misfortune of getting too near the horns of the bull is termed in the technical jargon of the profession.

A bull-fight is a very expensive affair from beginning to end. The animals destined for the arena are bred expressly for that purpose, and when a year old are collected from the pastures and charged, one by one, by the herdsman armed with his goad. Those only that endure this test—and the proportion is small—are deemed suitable for the ring, and are valued at from seven hundred to a thousand dollars apiece. The salaries allowed the performers are enormous, and the best

of them receives more than a captain-general. An ordinary *espada* demands six hundred dollars, while the "stars" never think of entering the *plaza* for less than eight hundred dollars in gold. Out of this the *espada* pays his *cuadrilla*, or "squad;" the *picadores*, *banderilleros* and *chulos* that compose his following. The municipal authorities exact from him a license of twenty-five dollars for each entertainment, and should a bull be crippled in any way so that he is unfitted for the final bloody scene, custom requires the *espada* to provide another at his own expense. Notwithstanding these heavy drains upon his purse, the income of the successful *espada* is immense. From the middle of May to the first of November a *corrida* is held on Sunday afternoon in every large city in Spain, and all of the prominent saints' days and holidays—which, though not so faithfully observed now as formerly, are still surprisingly numerous—are celebrated in this manner. A bull-fight on the Christian festival of Easter sounds strangely to Anglo-Saxon ears, but to a Spaniard it does not by any means seem utterly out of place. The bull-fighter lives in great luxury, drives magnificent horses, dresses in the showy *Majo* costume, maintains the



RESCUE OF A PICADOR.

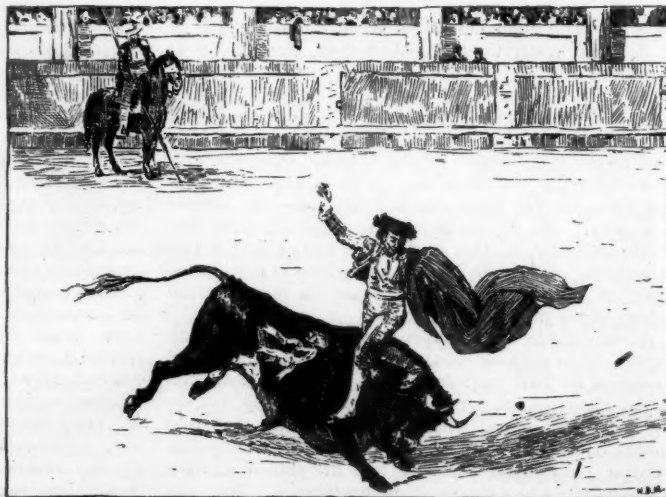
finest establishment his abundant means will allow, and indulges to the utmost his passion for gaming. The fact that his social status is below that of a pugilist with us does not prevent him from having numerous admirers even among the haughty Castilian nobility; and numerous are the tender glances bestowed from the aristocratic region of the balconies upon the young and daring *matador*. A few years ago a famous *espada*, whose exploits in the *plaza* had long been the envy of his comrades, received his *coup de grace* from an Andalusian bull, and was carried out dead. When his trunks came to be examined they were found filled with locks of hair, ribbons, piles of faded bouquets, and a great quantity of *billets-doux*, many of them sealed with coronets and bearing the signatures of some of the proudest beauties of Old Castile. Discretion is not one of the cardinal virtues of the Spaniard, who is as fond of scandal as the veriest village gossip; and there was soon considerable excitement in the higher circles of the Court, which resulted in the sudden and permanent disappearance of certain ladies of the bluest blood, and the enforced retirement of others to the penitential seclusion of the convent. This severe example seems, however, to have been productive of little effect upon the conduct of some of the survivors, judging from the astonishing tales of their escapades whispered in every club and restaurant of the Spanish capital.

With his own class the *torero* is a kind of divinity, who receives the respectful homage of his male associates and the adoration of his female acquaintances. He is liberal to prodigality, and a veritable epicurean, knowing well that a false step or the miscalculation of an inch will probably some day exact the extreme penalty attached to

the slightest neglect of the rules of his perilous calling. With that possible end in view he is as regular in his attendance at the confessional as can be expected in the case of so gay a *cabalero*; and if the reverend *padres* succeed in extorting full confessions from these penitents, they must be the repository of tales which would make their fortunes in any Spanish circle of society gossips. There is something fascinating to the sterner as well as to the weaker sex in a man who deliberately takes his life in his hand, even in an ignoble cause, and trusts to his own steady nerves and strong arm for the victory. In his costumes, which cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars each, he takes especial pride, and his wardrobe frequently contains a dozen or more of different colors. They are made of the finest silk, heavily embroidered with gold and silver, the jacket—which does not reach the waist by several inches,

and is open under the arms to secure the greatest possible freedom of movement—being usually so covered with glittering cords and tassels that the color of the material cannot be distinguished. Tightly-fitting knee-breeches, a silken sash, whose ends fall negligently over the left hip, white stockings, low shoes, and a triangular *montera* or cap of black plush complete this elaborate dress, unsurpassed in richness by any ever displayed upon the stage. The *espada*, like the *Majo*, wears his hair in a tiny cue, eked out with a false braid, and coiled in a net at the back of the head. His sword is a ponderous rapier of Toledo steel, its hilt wrapped in buckskin, dyed crimson, and affording for the hand the firmest possible grip.

The outfit of the picador is not nearly as gaudy as those of his professional brethren. His jacket is less profusely ornamented, his hat is of gray felt, and his



OVER THE HORNS.



THE ALGAZIL.

trousers of leather, concealing the iron armor that protects his legs, but impedes his movements when on foot, so that he has a slender chance of escape if, when dismounted, he should attract the attention of the infuriated bull. This armor serves also to save the limbs in case the horse falls upon his rider, an accident of almost daily occurrence. The spear of the *picador* is sixteen feet in length, but the blade is wrapped with tow till only an inch of the point is visible. The weapons of the *banderillero* are a pair of barbed darts adorned with paper streamer. When the bull shows a want of spirit, *banderillas de fuego*, or fire arrows, furnished with some detonating substance, are employed, instead of the ordinary ones, to madden him, and which, exploding in

the flesh as soon as they are planted, drive the creature wild with rage and pain.

The lowest in rank of the *cuadrilla* is the *cachetero*, whose duty it is to kill the bull after he has fallen from exhaustion and the ill-aimed thrusts of the *espada*. This he does by driving his dagger into the cervical vertebrae of the animal, causing instantaneous death.

The *dramatis personæ* having now been duly introduced, let us proceed to the ceremonies of the *corrida*. It is a lovely Sunday afternoon in May, the opening day of the great fair of Seville. Surrounded by a sky of spotless blue, the sun beams brightly down upon the whitewashed houses, and the fragrance of an atmosphere freighted with the mingled scents of honeysuckle, rose, jasmine and the hundreds of odoriferous shrubs lining the public walks, finds its way into every street and byway of the quaint old city. The people, in holiday attire, and but lately released from the sombre vaults of the cathedral, are, with one accord, slowly wending their way toward the bank of the Guadalquivir, where, in the vicinity of a vast stone building, with tiers upon tiers of arches and balconies without end, a gay and noisy multitude is already assembled. As we saunter around the *plaza*, glancing in through a passage at the rear there rise upon the air the notes of a monotonous and solemn chant. Drawing near and peeping into a half-open door, the eye is attracted by the glitter of spangles, and amid the gloom which a pair of tapers, faintly visible through a cloud of incense, seem rather to heighten than dispel, can be perceived a score of men in gorgeous dresses kneeling devoutly before a little altar. These are the bull-fighters, hearing mass before engaging in a conflict that may cost more than one of them his life. A bell tinkles, the worshippers rise, and, bowing before the host, pass out and mingle with the giddy throng that is impatiently waiting for the gates to open.

Just opposite the chapel is another room of the same dimensions, but better lighted, and without furniture, excepting a long table standing in the middle of the tile-paved floor. Fastened to the wall within easy reach is a shelf containing a row of bottles, strips of linen and a case of surgical instruments. Upon the table, reclining at full length, his head supported by his hand, lies a man of forty years of age, fat, bearded and swarthy, with a cigarette stuck behind each ear and a lighted one in his mouth, who is entertaining a couple of friends with some amusing story, related in the animated and demonstrative manner of his countrymen. His surroundings have already disclosed his calling. He is the surgeon appointed by the City Council to attend to the wounded, and who, with commendable promptitude, has completed his arrangements with all the *sang-froid* of his profession. And now the strains of martial music are heard outside, as a battalion of soldiers, headed by a band, file into the *plaza* by the rear entrance, for the presence of the military is considered indispensable at a bull-fight, to preserve order and check any revolutionary demonstration that might be prompted by the occasion. At length the doors are opened, and the boisterous but good-humored crowds pour in and take their seats.

The impression that a stranger receives when he gazes for the first time upon that tremendous audience of fifteen thousand people, packing the grand amphitheatre from the barrier to the balconies, is one that he will never forget while he lives. The spectacle is unique, and of a magnificence the like of which no other country can display, vying as it does with the gladiatorial exhibitions of Imperial Rome. No other possesses a tithe of the



THE AUDIENCE.

thrilling interest investing every act of this drama—a drama always a tragedy—and not infrequently closing with the loss of human life, in the fierce struggle between brute force and consummate skill. As the performance usually begins at four o'clock, to avoid the heat, the *plaza* at that hour is half in sun and half in shadow. Upon the sunny side, where the prices are the lowest, the poorer classes are congregated, happy in having saved, begged, borrowed or stolen the few reals required for admission.

To obtain these, many have for months denied themselves the necessities of life; others have pawned their clothes and diminished their scanty stock of household utensils, all forgetful of the past and careless for the morrow, provided the present dominating passion is gratified. There is no age or sex for which the national pastime has not an irresistible fascination. Women make up at least half the audience; some of these bring children in their arms, perhaps because there is no one to care for them at home, but with the effect, certainly, of familiarizing them with these horrible scenes of blood and butchery. The soldiers are distributed in companies among the peasantry, and scattered here and there where the garlands and gay parasols are thickest one sees a civil guard, or jaunty officer, or a group of hussars in showy uniforms. In the lowest row lounges the *oficionado*, or devotee of the cruel sport, in dandy costume, his purple jacket and scarlet sash contrasting with the shovel hat and flowing robes of the priest who

sits beside him. Above, in the *pacos*, or private boxes, the ladies muster in force and in their best attire, "*Maja*" toilettes and white mantillas, rustling silks and embroidered shawls; and the arcades are bright with the sheen of jewels, the sparkle of black eyes and the flutter of innumerable fans. Under the gallery, and facing the principal entrance, is the balcony of the president of the day, who is generally an officer of the city government, except when the King consents to attend, and then he assumes the office. Sometimes, upon state occasions, a number of titled ladies are chosen to preside over the arena, and magnificently dressed in the style of the seventeenth century, grace the box of the president with their charming presence, and direct the ceremonies, an honor much coveted, especially in Andalusia. In the neighborhood of the *plaza* every roof from which a glimpse, however limited, can be obtained of its interior is fairly black with people, and one enterprising individual has built a tower overtopping the walls of the amphitheatre, whence, for the moderate sum of three reals (fifteen cents), about one-fourth the admittance fee, an excellent view can be had of all that takes place inside.

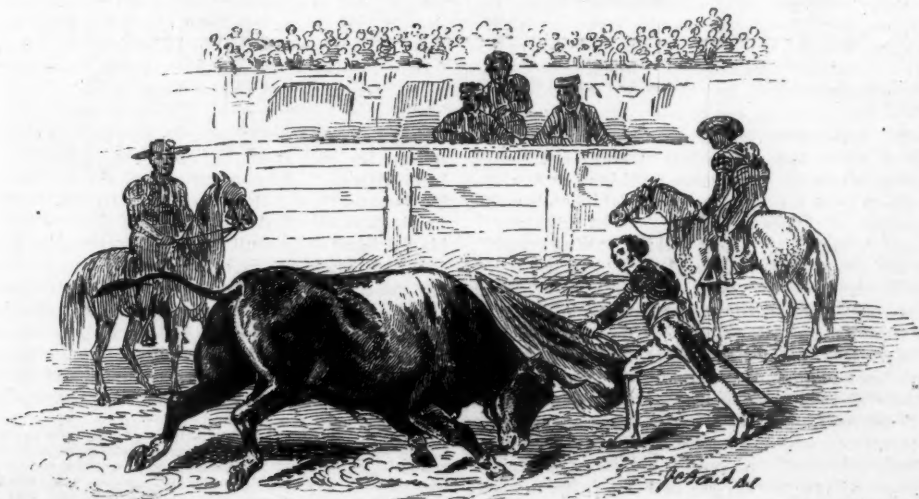
Opposite the president's balcony is the *toril*, or bull-pen, closed by a ponderous gate. The six bulls destined for the afternoon's sport are shut up here, having been decoyed by trained oxen and driven by mounted spear-men the night before to this their final destination. The

lateness of the hour does not deter thousands of spectators from witnessing this furious race, and to prevent accidents the streets are barricaded with poles lashed together, and soldiers and policemen are detailed to keep back the crowd; but even these precautions are sometimes insufficient, so uncontrollable is the excitement of the mob. The bulls are forced out of the *toril* one by one as they are wanted, by means of goads. To the shoulder of each, attached by a tiny barb, hangs a silken rosette, whose colors, familiar to every frequenter of the ring, indicate the pedigree of the animal, as well as the district from whence he comes.

The arena is an oval of about a hundred and eighty feet in its largest diameter, and packed with sand as smooth and hard as a floor. It is inclosed by three concentric fences; one higher than the others bounds the lowest range of seats; the second and third, only two feet apart, overlap and are contrived to shelter the hard-pressed *torero* when compelled to retreat. A number of men with buckets of water, which they distribute with their hands, are deliberately sprinkling the ground, interfering with the fruit peddlers, of whom more than a dozen with baskets of oranges are in the ring. "*Naranjas! Naranjas! buenas y maduras!*" cries one of these itinerant merchants, holding up his hands filled with the golden globes. His quick eye catches a signal, perhaps, from the highest balcony, and in a moment he pitches into the lap of the purchaser, with unerring aim, the amount of the order; then, bowing his thanks for the coin tossed him in return, he moves on in search of another customer. In the meantime the water-sellers, with their porous jugs and tinkling glasses, are climbing about, stumbling over feet and rumpling ladies' dresses, but always apologizing with a polite "*Perden de V caballero!*" that at once disarms all hostility. Before the sprinklers have finished their task the band strikes up a lively air, announcing the arrival of the president, who raises his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the audience. The notes of the band have scarcely died away when a trumpet sounds, the gate at the opposite side of the *plaza* opens, and the bull-fighters, in splendid array, appear, marshaled in the order of their rank. In front come the *espadas*, then the *chulos*, next the *picadores*, and lastly the mule teams, harnessed three abreast, and

covered with scarlet trappings and jingling bells, followed by the various supernumeraries of the ring. Approaching the balcony of the president they salute that official, then the mules are driven out, the *picadores* range themselves in line near the fence, and the other performers, laying aside their gold-embroidered cloaks, take from the hands of their attendants plainer ones of red and yellow silk, whose stains and rents give evidence of many a bloody fray. Another trumpet sounds, the gate again swings open, and a solitary horseman rides in. His black doublet and short velvet cloak, the badge of his profession, as well as his sinister expression and suspicious carriage, betray him, and even the foreigner familiar with the inimitable pages of Gil Blas and Don Quixote can hardly fail to recognize at a glance the *alguazil*, or magistrate's officer, whose rapacious and unprincipled character has been the object of the sarcastic wit of writers on Spanish manners from the earliest times. He halts under the royal box, bows to the president, and catches in his hat a gilded key decorated with ribbons which the latter tosses to him. This key unlocks the stable of the bulls, and with it the *alguazil* canters slowly across the ring. A few seconds afterward a huge bull, with horns as sharp as daggers, bounds into the arena. There is a breathless silence as, pausing, he glares upon the assembled multitude, and then, selecting the nearest horse, charges headlong. The *picador*, by a vigorous use of the spur, manages to turn his steed to meet his adversary, and tries, by planting the point of the spear in his shoulder, to ward off his attack; but his strength is powerless before the onslaught of the furious beast, who, burying his horns in the body of the defenseless horse, and literally disemboweling him, hurls him and his rider to the ground.

To the Anglo-Saxon, whose sympathies are stirred by the sight of anguish, whether suffered by the higher or lower orders of the animal kingdom, the utter indifference evinced by the audience at a Spanish bull-fight is well nigh incomprehensible. That sentiment of pity which often causes the foreigner to turn away from the arena with a sickening shudder, seems totally wanting in the Spaniard; and as one leans against a barrier to recover his equanimity, he may often catch the amused and sneering glances of his less sensitive neighbors.



THE CHULOS AT WORK.

The active *chulos* instantly rush forward and lure the bull away with their scarlet cloaks, until their comrade is rescued. And now comes in the most horrible and disgusting feature of the *corrida de toros*. The *picador* having been raised up and attended to, the condition of the horse is ascertained. In the eyes of a Spaniard, who only looks at the present utility of anything, and is never in the least influenced by considerations of humanity, a horse is not disabled so long as he can stand. Those used in the bull-fight are the oldest and cheapest that can be procured—true Rosinantes, whose lease of life can be, at best, but short, and so destitute of spirit that they have to be wholly or partially blinded with bandages to prevent them from running away. If the wound does not show signs of being immediately fatal, the *picador* remounts and sustains another charge, but if the condition of the poor animal is such that he cannot move without difficulty, he is led out and the gaping hole in the side is sewed up and plastered with clay, when he is again introduced and spurred on to further torture!

Once in a great while the *picador* succeeds in turning the bull, and escapes without injury, the brute then devoting his attention to the next horseman in line. It is astonishing how much pounding these fellows can stand. Owing to the depth of their saddles they are rarely unseated, yet I have seen more than one projected a distance of ten feet, striking the barrier with a thud that could be heard across the ring, and immediately afterward pick himself up and walk away apparently unhurt. Sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider bodily, and throws them back upon his haunches, showing his immense strength. The *picador* is not a favorite with the audience, as, wearing armor, and being able to use his horse as a shield, he is less exposed to danger. When the bull becomes enraged, and charges right and left, as the savage ones often do, the *picadores* grow wary, and, manifesting a disinclination to advance, are greeted with a storm of hisses and opprobrious epithets and pelted with pieces of orange peel, canes, cushions, and whatever in the way of a projectile can be laid hands on at the moment. "Fuera! Fuera!" "Put him out!" "Forward, coward!" "Good bull!" "Well gored!" "Coño, see how angry the rascal is!" "Fuego! Bring the fire arrows!" "Bravo, toro! bravissimo!" shout the *oficionados*, seconded by the spectators, who, rising to their feet *en masse* and yelling, hissing and gesticulating with all their might, transform the amphitheatre into a perfect bedlam. In the midst of the hubbub the shrill notes of the trumpet are again heard, and the *chulos*, fluttering their cloaks, spin around the bull, who chases them, now and then pressing one so closely that he is forced to drop all and run for his life. The tricks of the *chulo* to baffle the designs of his terrible antagonist, and at the same time display his own agility and skill, are numerous and thrilling. One borrows a

lance from a *picador*, and brandishes it in sight of the brute, who accepts the challenge, and, lowering his horns, rushes forward. As he approaches, the *chulo* rests the butt of the lance on the ground, and springs over the back of the animal, dropping the weapon as the head of the latter touches it. Another places his foot upon the bull's forehead, and just as he is about to be impaled is raised high in the air; others maneuver backward and forward with the cape, so rapidly that

the sharp horns, following its gaudy folds, seem to graze their bodies. For the third time the signal for the trumpet is given by the president, the *chulos* retire, and the *banderilleros*, each armed with a pair of darts adorned with paper streamers, step forward and confront the bull. While the brute is moving to the attack the *banderillero* meets him half way and sticks the arrows in his neck, one on either side. After eight *banderillos* have been used and the bull begins to exhibit signs of weariness, the trumpet announces the final scene of the drama. At the signal a young man of swarthy, almost black complexion, dressed in green and gold, carrying in one hand a cane and a square of scarlet cloth, and in the other a



FRASCUELO.

long rapier, leaves the barrier and presents himself to the view of the audience. A shout, increasing to a deafening roar of applause, welcomes him, as in the lithe and graceful figure is recognized the most famous of *espadas*.* "Frascuelo! Viva Frascuelo!" they cry, as hats and handkerchiefs are waved on every side in honor of the champion, who stands without a rival in dexterity and daring. Bowing low in acknowledgment of the compliment, the *espada*, uncovering his head and addressing the president, craves permission to kill the bull, promising to discharge his duty in compliance with the requirements of the ring; then, with a sudden jerk of his arm sending his hat far up among the spectators, and holding out the cloth like a banner, he proceeds to tempt and irritate the bull, springing nimbly right and left as the brute charges. After a few repetitions of this exercise he prepares for the thrust which is to end the struggle. Poising the sword aloft and waving the "*muleta*" with his left hand as the bull again encounters him, he buries the keen blade in his body between the left shoulder and the spine. When it is remembered the animal is moving at the top of his speed, and that the *espada* is compelled to reach far over his horns, preserve his own footing, and retreat, it is evident that extraordinary presence of mind, steadiness of hand and nerve are necessary for the successful performance of this perilous

* Salvador Sanchez, of Granada. Though only twenty-seven years old, he has gained, through his hardihood and contempt of danger, a greater reputation in his bloody calling than any living *torero*. He has been wounded more than a dozen times—one gash, that extended from hip to breast-bone, having kept him in bed six months. He is better known by the nickname of "Frascuelo," which the ladies have softened into the more endearing "Frascuelito."

feat. When the bull, instead of being attracted by the cloth, obstinately charges the *espada*, the result is "*otra cosa*"—quite another thing—as the Spaniards say, for there are not many quick enough to avoid a "catch" under these circumstances. It is also essential that the bull should be more or less exhausted by his previous exertions, otherwise the attempt of the *espada* to finish would be almost certain death. The stab should pierce the heart and kill the beast instantly, but this rarely occurs. Notwithstanding the sword is ordinarily driven to the hilt, the bull has much vitality remaining, and is then more dangerous than ever. I have seen as many as four swords used upon one animal without reaching a vital part, and of thirty bulls which I saw dispatched in the *plazas* of Madrid and Seville, only one fell dead from a single stroke at the feet of the *matador*.

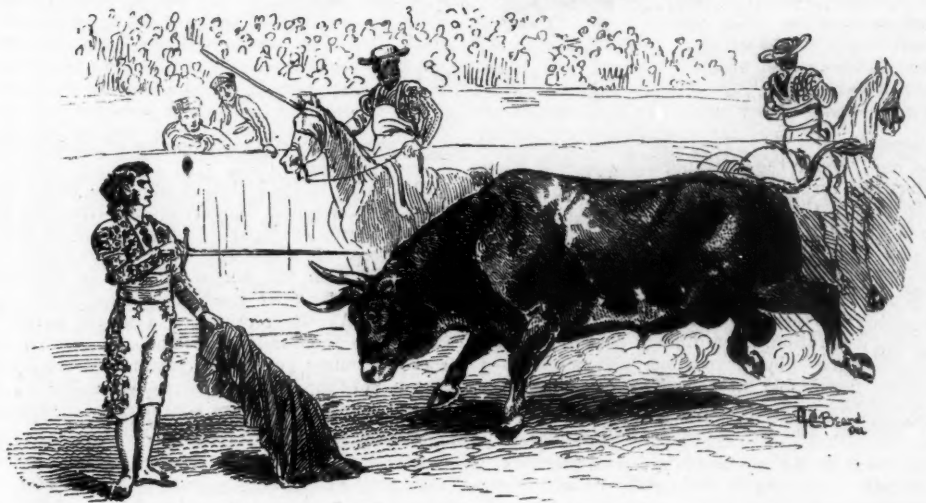
Finally the bull, weak with loss of blood, lies down, and the *cachetero*, slipping up from behind, pierces the spinal cord with his dagger. The teams of mules are now led in, and the horses and the bull—the former long since stripped of saddle and bridle—are dragged out as rapidly as possible. As soon as the blood stains in the ring have been covered with sand, and all traces of the former combat obliterated, another bull is admitted, and the same scenes, with little or no variation, are reenacted.

The charm of the bull-fight in the eyes of the natives depends entirely upon the amount of blood that is shed.

sympathetic tear or two, but the more experienced dames look complacently on; and in five minutes the unfortunate, painfully gasping his last in the little hospital outside, is forgotten. The character of the Spanish woman is a curious anomaly. In her home or among her friends, there is no one more affectionate, more devoted, more kind than she, or any one more anxious to relieve the necessities of the poor, or alleviate by generous self-denial the misery of the suffering. Gifted with much natural refinement, she shrinks from inflicting pain even upon an insect, and the unexpected presence of a mouse is sure to cause her to retreat to the top of the nearest chair or table; but she will sit quietly for hours and witness the torture of horses and bulls with a coolness and apparent delight quite incomprehensible to a foreigner.

Some bulls, when confronted with the *picador*, refuse to fight, or even to run at the cloaks of the *chulos*. As soon as this cowardly disposition is discovered, they are baited with mastiffs, and afterward hamstrung by means of a knife fastened to the end of a pole. The heartless butchery of the horses hardly equals in cold-blooded brutality this revolting feature of the *corrida*.

The return from the *plaza*, especially at Madrid, where the streets are wide and well adapted to display, is well worth seeing. For a distance of nearly two miles the sidewalks are crowded with people, while a line of military police in the centre of the street sees that order is



THE ESPADA.

The more horses mangled and killed the better the sport is relished, and the enjoyment never reaches its climax until at least one human life has been sacrificed. One would suppose that the death of a *torero* would evoke some expression of pity among his fellow-creatures, or would, at least, be allowed to pass in respectful silence; but this is far from being the case. Even while the unhappy man is being gored and trampled into a shapeless and bloody mass, and his companions are trying in vain to rescue him, his cries are drowned in the tumultuous applause with which the furious efforts of the bull are received. A few of the younger ladies may put up their fans and rid themselves of a

preserved among the flying vehicles and horsemen. Huge omnibuses, carrying forty passengers, and drawn by gayly-decked mules, are rushing by at a gallop; along with the splendid carriages of the nobility with footmen and outriders, and beautiful women reclining upon the cushions; gorgeous four-in-hands, Valencian *tartanas*, gigs, coaches, and all kinds of obsolete conveyances that have been resurrected for the occasion, with donkeys and Rosinantes innumerable.

There are several other methods of baiting and torturing bulls in Spain than the one above described. During the winter months occasional performances are given to train the *toreros* who are taking their prelimi-



BAITING WITH DOGS.

nary lessons in the art. They are called *Corridas de Novillos*, and, though the bulls' horns are padded, these encounters are very dangerous. Women take part in them, dressed in the style of their masculine models. They wear, in addition, an osier shield like a headless barrel, protecting the body from the bosom to the knees, and covered with canvas decorated with scenes from the ring. More curious still than these female exhibitions are the games that form the taste and foster the talent of the rising generation, wherein mere boys are the actors and a half-grown but pugnacious calf is substituted for the more formidable animal. The juveniles often acquit themselves with credit, to the unbounded delight of their parents, who see in each spirited attack or

agile movement a certain indication of future distinction in their profession.

The profits of the bull-fight, like those of the cocking-main, lotteries and similar moral diversions of the Spaniards, are set apart for the benefit of charitable institutions. It is one way "Don Diego" has of compromising with his conscience, and of excusing his predilection for what would otherwise be wholly indefensible. As the receipts of a single *corrida* often amount to thousands of dollars, the annual income from this source would be important did the funds not have to pass through the fingers of several sets of greedy officials, so that they are considerably diminished by the time they are ready to be distributed.

S. P. SCOTT.



BULL RING.

A LOOKER-ON IN PARIS.

PARIS has two sides. It is a gay, charming, joyous city for its own sons and daughters—so gay and so charming that to be compelled to live elsewhere seems to them like being exiled from Paradise. I think, too, that it is a sincere city enough—to its own children. Brother does not eat brother, even there. The true Parisian can live delightfully at small cost—can buy silks or roses at reasonable prices, is not preyed upon by dressmakers or deceived by jewelers; but it is another place for the foreigner, and its delights are dear. Commercial Paris subsists largely off the stranger; while it plays that it lives, moves and has its being for his welfare.

"You my flowers buy?" said to me the dirtiest little gamin on the Rue de Rivoli, stretching up a grimy little hand holding some violets and a bunch of mignonette. He had learned his two or three words of English painfully, and he had a touching faith in them; for when I shook my head at him, he said: "You me give a penny—poor leetle Eenglish boy!" He amused me, and I confess with shame that I rewarded his barefaced attempt to pass himself off as a compatriot with two pennies. The shops beguile you with promises in their windows of English spoken and of Spanish spoken; but, as regards the smaller shops, the English-speaking person has an unfortunate habit of being gone to breakfast, or if he be, by some happy accident *en evidence*, his English is usually that of the phrase-book, and equal only to inquiring if you have the glove of your brother. It is odd how little English is known in Paris. Well-educated Russians speak English as a rule; Germans, Swedes and Norwegians speak English; but Frenchmen seem to cultivate a profound indifference to the language of the dear little island across the Channel. When I passed a winter in Paris, I was offered by a London poet—who was himself half a Frenchman in his knowledge of and love for French life and language and literature—letters to a large group of the French poets and novelists of the day.

"But," said my friend, "only one of them speaks English; somehow they never seem to think it worth their while to learn. Monsieur M., you will find, speaks very good English. In fact, he is professor of English in a French college."

Monsieur M. was a great comfort and pleasure to me that winter, and his English was such, at least, as I could readily understand; but he always made three syllables of themselves—"themsel-vés," he called it—and he used to say "lov-éd" and "wish-éd." He always talked of things as unuseful, instead of useless, and he usually put his objects before his verbs, instead of after them. And he spoke better English than I have heard from any other Frenchman above the rank of a valet or a courier.

In going to Paris this year I betook myself to a very grand hotel, the resort of millionaires and of princes. The German Baroness Rothschild was living there; the Princess Dolgorouki had dwelt there for some months with her dogs and her children. Lord This and Lady That made it their headquarters; and I saw their stately carriages, with strong, sleek horses, and coachmen in sumptuous liveries, rolling in and out of the solemn old courtyard. This sounds as if I were very extravagant, but I really was not. My pleasantly-furnished bed-room—to which I mounted by what the French call an "*ascenseur*," the English a "lift," and we

an "elevator"—was in the sixth story, and for it I paid six francs (\$1.20) a day. My early breakfast of *café au lait* and rolls and butter was brought to me there, and cost me forty cents a day; service was thirty cents more, so that for a dollar and ninety cents a day I abode and breakfasted over the heads of the princes.

My other meals I procured outside, at one restaurant and another. Usually I was accompanied by a friend—so charming a woman that a dinner of herbs graced by her presence would have seemed a banquet. We tried all sorts of experiments in dining, and when two people dine together in Paris it can really be managed very economically, even at a grand restaurant. You call for one portion of each of the dishes you desire, and one portion is always quite enough for two. Then there are cozy little places where they give you *dejeuners* and *diners* at a fixed price, fifty cents for the breakfast and sixty for the dinner being the ordinary charge. Your breakfast, for fifty cents, consists of sardines, or radishes and bread and butter, to begin with; then you have nicely-cooked fish; then steak or chop or cutlet, with a little dessert of fruit and a half bottle of simple red wine for drink. Your dinner, for sixty cents, will begin with soup; then you will have fish, some kind of meat, roast chicken and salad, concluding with fruit, and accompanied by the little bottle of red wine. These dinners are perfectly well cooked, and suited to the requirements of a slender purse, and from them you can go on and up to any extent of luxury. At the *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hotel you dine sumptuously for one dollar and sixty cents, including *vin ordinaire*; while at some of the best restaurants you can easily spend from ten to twenty dollars for your dinner.

One night I had to go out for my six-o'clock dinner without my friend, and it occurred to me to seek out a new place, and try a little experiment of my own. I walked up the Rue St Honoré till I came to a quiet looking *café*. It seemed a very simple place, so homely as to commend itself to my investigations. I went in. The *carte du jour* was handed to me, with no prices affixed to the viands. I gave my orders with unsuspecting and tranquil mind, and while I waited for my soup I chanced to open a book in which the price list *was* given, and I found that the *soupe à la bisque* I had ordered in this modest place was sixty cents, and other things in proportion. I went away a poorer and a wiser woman.

The very streets of Paris are full of interest, the interest of a life as unlike as possible to that of either England or America. You meet a French funeral, and you see a modest hearse, and perhaps a carriage or two, with a band of mourners following on foot and bareheaded, however cold may be the weather. As the procession passes every man lifts his hat and waits, uncovered and reverently, until it passes. In England you meet a funeral *cortège*, and the external trappings of its woe are overwhelming. From the corners of the great, cumbrous hearse nod lofty sable plumes. The horses look as if they had come out of some strange world of night and darkness. They are great creatures "of the blackest black our eyes endure," without a white hair anywhere; and they move with preternatural gravity, as horses should whose daily work it is to make

"Funeral marches to the grave."

The drivers and the men sitting beside them are clad in

the deepest mourning. Their hats are swathed round with bombazine, which falls down their backs like a woman's mourning veil. But here their solemnity ends; They wear a cheerful air, as if rejoicing that business is prosperous; and I have seen them joke and laugh with each other, as if they might have been telling good stories of the dead they were carrying to his long home. As to the English crowd through which this gloomy-looking procession passes, not a hat is lifted, no notice is taken of it whatever.

There is another imposing vehicle which dominates the French streets besides the hearse. I refer to the omnibus, which attracts the attention of fear and dismay, rather than of sympathy. French omnibuses are drawn by three strong horses, harnessed abreast, and they tear on through the streets at an incredible pace, like an army bent on destruction and charging at double quick. I do not think a French omnibus ever yet halted on its fatal course for man, woman or child. All you can do is to get out of its way, and that you must do very hurriedly. I never see one without fancying that it is the European revival of the Car of Juggernaut.

But the French people seem, in spite of the omnibuses, to live and prosper and grow fat—oh, how fat they do grow when they pass middle life, especially the women! They are a light-hearted people, as a

whole, though in the faces of some of the men there is a solemn gloom, as if they were longing for the red days of the revolution to return. But this very sullenness is unlike the brutal, hopeless sullenness of the English lowest class—those hideous, bleared, sodden wretches who stand leaning up against the walls of the big-windowed "Publics." These English have no hope—save for more gin—no intention to struggle, no longing to rise, no vestige of self-respect. The sullenest French bore respects himself, even unduly, and believes that he is good enough to adorn a palace. These men in blouses crowd before the windows of picture shops when any good thing is on exhibition with as eager an interest as you feel yourself. They appreciate art, these French *roturiers*, as the Germans do music. They have one supreme love, however, and that is Paris.

And after awhile you begin to understand this passion. You walk through the Garden of the Tuileries, populous with Coustou's statues; you hear the gay out-of-door music; you see the sunset on the Seine; the evening lights flash out in arches and in clusters on the *Champs Elysées*, and the little bird begins to sing in your brain that sings forever and forever, "How beautiful is Paris!" and, however far away you go, his song will lure you back, and each time your pretty, perilous Paris will hold you in her toils more firmly than before.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER VI.

THE winter advances; Christmas comes; comes, as it not infrequently now comes to the world's greatest city, in an almost total darkness; a choking yellow darkness. The gas has to be lit at ten o'clock in the morning. Dreadfully it flares, from the imperceptible dawn until the indiscriminated night. Under its and the fog's pestilent breaths the flowers in the stands wither; the carefully-cherished puny ferns shrink away into death. Through the suffocating obscurity the church-bells ring muffled; the cabs crawl cautiously at a foot's pace, and the omnibuses cease to run. None of the Churchill family have been able to get to church; and either by that fact or by the fog, their spirits and tempers are sensibly worsened.

Mrs. Churchill likes to go to church on Christmas Day; it is a sort of fetish, the loss of which may entail disadvantage upon her, either in this world or in the next.

"How anything short of absolute necessity can keep any one in England during the winter months, passes my comprehension!" cries she, taking up her old cry, and pettishly clicking together the clasps of the prayer-book, in which she has been reading the lessons for the day.

Sarah, her only companion, makes no reply; not that she is absorbed in any occupation, but because the remark appears to her to be both old and worthless.

"And I am far from feeling sure that we shall ever get away after all," continues the elder woman, seeing that she may wait in vain for a sympathetic response.

"I feel no sort of confidence in Belinda," in an exasperated voice; "she is quite capable of throwing him over at the last moment. What do you think? do you not hear that I am speaking to you? do you not think that she is quite capable of throwing him over at the last moment?"

"It shall not be for want of asking if she does not," replies Sarah surlily.

"I really do not see that you have any right to put pressure upon her," rejoins Mrs. Churchill crossly; "I cannot see that it is any business of yours; because you behaved extremely ill to him, is no reason why you should incite your sister to do the same. In fairness to him, I must insist upon your not attempting to influence her one way or the other!"

"You may insist," replies Sarah undutifully, her soft round face growing dogged and hard; "but as long as I have one breath left, I shall spend it in trying to hinder her from such a monstrous suicide."

"Suicide!" repeats Mrs. Churchill angrily; "pooh! you may be very thankful if you ever get any one to make as good a settlement upon you as he has done upon her! Suicide indeed!"

"Why do you not marry him yourself, if you are so pleased with him?" asks Sarah cynically; "it seems all one to him which of us he marries, so as he gets one of the family; it seems to be the breed, not the individual, that he admires. Marry him yourself, and carry him off to Cannes; I assure you that I will not move a finger to prevent you!"

"He is a man not without distinction in his own

line," pursues Mrs. Churchill, affecting not to have heard her granddaughter's last ironical suggestion; "though it happens to be a line which you are quite incapable of appreciating. He is not handsome, certainly, but there is a good deal of—of," hesitating for an encomium—"of character in his face. He has made an excellent settlement upon her; it quite took me by surprise. She is twenty-one, and it is her first *bonâ-fide* offer; I think you will not be acting at all a friend's part in making her quarrel with her bread-and-butter."

"Whether I am acting the part of a friend or not," retorts Sarah obstinately, marching towards the door, "I promise you that I shall carry my remonstrances to the altar-foot; and so would you if you did your duty. You may like to know," firing a defiant parting shot from the doorway, "that I am going straight to her now to resume the subject."

She is as good as her word. She finds Belinda where she knew that she would find her, in her little back sitting-room, but not employed as she had expected. She had thought to come upon her stooping over her eternal copy-books; but for once they are laid aside. She is sitting on the hearthrug, the gas glaring above her and casting its ugly shadows upon her cheeks, making them look lined and hollow. Strewn about her is a small litter of old writing-desks, old work-boxes, childish relics. On her lap lies open a morocco pocket-book, over which, on Sarah's entrance, she hastily puts her hands, as if to conceal it.

"I am setting my house in order," she says, looking up with a rather guilty smile. "Did you ever see such a squirrel's nest? Here is the case of court-plaster that you gave me on my eighth birthday. Do you remember how fond we were of giving each other court-plaster? Here is the lady's companion that granny brought me from Bath; I remember crying because she brought you a much better one. Even as long ago as then," looking pensively at the little rusty old pair of scissors and the dim bodkin, "it began."

"What were you looking at when I came in?" asks Sarah brusquely, and dropping on her knees beside her sister.

Belinda starts. Her first impulse is to clasp her hands in still closer guardianship over her hid treasure; but her next corrects it.

"You are quite welcome to see them once more, before they go into the fire," she says quietly, though in the yellow gaslight her cheeks crimson. "I do not know why I should hide them; they are relics of an affection almost as warm and as steady as granny's. There!" picking up and holding scornfully between her finger and thumb for Sarah's inspection one withered flower after another. "That was once a gardenia; that was a Cape jessamine; that was a tuberose. How pretty they look! how sweetly they smell now! Have you looked enough at them? Off with them then!"

As she speaks, and despite Sarah's hand stretched out with involuntary eagerness to check her, she tosses the little dry skeletons into the fire, where, with a hardly perceptible shrivel and crackle, they for ever disappear.

Belinda watches them with a hard, dry eye.

"Are you satisfied?" she says, turning to her sister and exhibiting the pocket-book extended, empty from cover to cover. "There is nothing else in it except my love-letter; it is humiliating to have but one, is it not? Would you like to read it again before it follows those pretty flowers, or may it go at once?"

"Give it me!" cries Sarah, snatching the little sheet, which looks older than it really is from obvious hard wear, continual unfolding, blistering tears. "I will

read it again. Perhaps reading it in cold blood like this, the meaning may strike one differently!"

"If you wish I can spare you the trouble," says Belinda bitterly. "I can say it to you if you wish."

The fire burns low and dull; and Sarah rises and stands right beneath the gas, so that no lack of light may hinder her examination of the document in her hand. But the rays of a June sun would be in this case of no use.

"I can make nothing of it," she says dispiritedly, giving it back to its owner; "but do not—do not burn it!"

For a moment Belinda hesitates, considering with quivering eyelids and trembling lip the small and faded paper. Then in a moment it has followed the flowers.

At first it gives a curling writhe, as if it hurt it to be burnt; then one or two sentences come out very clear before flying in black film up the chimney. The one that lasts longest and disappears latest is, "Oh, forgive me!"

After that there is silence. Sarah has dropped sulkily into an arm-chair; and Belinda has turned again to her childish treasures, and is beginning to sort and part them. But her hands move mechanically of their own accord, and with that want of purpose which shows that they are not directed by the brain.

When a quarter of an hour has gone dumbly by, Belinda speaks, in that flat and spiritless voice which is now habitual to her:

"I wanted to ask your advice; I want you to give me your opinion. Is it necessary—am I bound in honor to tell Professor Forth?"

She stops with a sudden sobbing catch in her breath.

"If you think that your confidence will be in the least likely to make him break his engagement, tell him by all means!" replies Sarah surlily. "Not only tell him what there is to tell, but invent a great deal more besides. I promise you that I will aid you with all the powers of my imagination!"

"Must I really tell him?" groans Belinda, with an accent of such acute pain that Sarah's heart smites her.

"Tell him!" she cries compassionately. "My poor child, what is there to tell?"

"What indeed!" acquiesces Belinda, in bitter humility. But she looks relieved. "Even if there were anything to tell," she goes on a moment later—"but, as you justly say, there is nothing, for one is not answerable to any one for the freaks of one's own imagination—but even if there were, he has no concern with my past, has he? It is only from the tenth of next month onwards that I am accountable to him for my actions!"

"The tenth of next month!" repeats Sarah fiercely. "What, is that still the day on which the gallows is to be erected?"

"If you think that by wording it so offensively, you will induce me to put it off, you are mistaken," answers Belinda, with an access of miserable, sore ill-humor; "and you know the sooner I am 'out of the way'—I am always in the way now—the sooner you can be off to the South!"

"Save your sneers for granny, who deserves them," answers Sarah, genuinely hurt. "I do not."

"I know you do not!" cries the other remorsefully; "but you were the nearest thing to me. It seems, nowadays, as if I must put my sting into whatever is nearest to me!"

"That is the right frame of mind in which to be led to the gal—to the altar, is it not?" retorts Sarah sarcastically; and again they are silent.

"I now wish to heaven," resumes Sarah devoutly, at

the expiration of a heavy interval, "that I had married him myself. Intensely as I should have disliked it, he could not have made me as unhappy as he will you. A wineglass holds less than a hog's head; and the pious hope of an early widowhood, which you will be too conscientious to indulge, would have buoyed me up!"

Belinda's only answer is a sickly smile.

"You would have gone on living with granny and the dogs," pursues Sarah, in earnest narrative; "she would have grown civil to you when she found that she had no one else to depend on, and she really is very good company when she chooses; and by-and-by, some fine day, Rivers might have come back. No, no!" resolutely catching and holding down with her small, strong wrists the hands that her sister is hurrying to her tortured face. "I do not care whether you wince or no! I do not care whether it hurts you or no; you *must* and *shall* hear. *Some day—Rivers—might—have come back again!* He may come back still; but it may be after the tenth of January.

She pauses dramatically, and fixes her eyes upon the poor quivering features, so barely exposed to her piercing scrutiny. There comes no answer but a moaning sigh.

"I can give you no reason for it," continues Sarah; "I know no more about him than you do; but I have a conviction—something tells me, that there has been some mistake, some hitch, some unavoidable delay!"

"An unavoidable delay of eighteen months!" says Belinda, with faltering irony. "How likely!"

"A letter has been lost."

"Letters are never lost," hopelessly.

"Well, have it as you like!" cries Sarah impatiently. "All the same, my conviction remains that some day he will come back again. How glad you will be to see him! How pleasant it will be for you to introduce him to your husband, Mr. Forth!"

By a great wrench, Belinda succeeds in loosing one hand; but it is a very insufficient shield, and she has failed in liberating the other, so sturdily held in Sarah's small but potent grasp.

"I see him coming into the room with those blazing eyes of his," goes on Sarah, in a sort of prophetic frenzy—"they were not much like Mr. Forth's eyes, were they?—and you introducing them to each other: 'My husband, Mr. Forth! Mr. Rivers!' I envy you that moment!"

But at this Belinda tears herself free.

"This is too much!" she says, in a suffocated voice, and struggling to reach the door. "Let me go! I *must* go! I can bear no more."

But Sarah falls on her knees, and catches her sister's gown.

"Do you think it is as bad as the reality will be?" she asks, in a thrilling clear voice. "And you will not be able to run away from it! Do you suppose that there will be a single corner in the whole earth in which you can take refuge from it?"

Something in Sarah's tone has, more than her detaining gesture, arrested Belinda's flight. Stock-still she stands, in a wretched irresolution, death-pale.

"It is too late!" she murmurs miserably.

"It is *not* too late!" cries Sarah in wild excitement, clasping her sister's knees; it will be too late after the tenth, but it is not too late now. Give it up! Throw him over! What will he care? What harm will it do him? How much the worse is he for having been thrown over by me?"

Belinda still stands, white and trembling, her eyes staring stonily out into vacancy. Before them, though they seem to see nothing, stands that dreadful vision

conjured up by her sister; and the sight of it makes every limb shake.

"It is impossible!" she says feebly.

"It is *not* impossible!" asseverates Sarah, in passionate heat. "Give me a chance, and I will show you whether it is possible or no. Let me tell him. Give me that commission as my Christmas-box; it would be the best I ever had! I will tell him," laughing rather hysterically, "that it is a constitutional peculiarity of our family!"

Perhaps it is Sarah's laugh that recalls her sister to a more normal condition of feeling. With a long sigh she comes back to reality.

"Who would tell granny?" she asks, with a sarcastic smile. "Who would dare break to her that she was not to be robbed of her darling after all?"

"I would!" cries Sarah, with delighted eagerness. I know few things in the world that would give me a purer pleasure. Let me go now, at once! Strike while the iron is hot!" jumping up, and moving in her turn rapidly toward the door. But it is now Belinda who detains her.

"Pooh!" she says coldly; "it was only a flight of fancy on my part. It would be amusing to give her a fright; but she has no real cause for alarm. What change has happened that I should change?" in a lifeless tone. "Your word-painting was so vivid, that for one moment I thought he had come back; but it seems not. I think," with a bitter smile, "that if I waited for him to come back to me, I should wait my life long."

"I do not ask you to wait your life long," cries Sarah, redoubling that energy of persuasion which, as she disappointedly sees, has been hitherto exercised in vain. "I only ask you to wait *one month!* Surely," with a scathing sneer, "the joys that you expect are not so poignant but that you can afford to defer them for four weeks!"

"Why should I defer them?" asks Belinda, with a fierce restlessness in eye and gesture. "If I had had my will, I should have been married by now. It is this state of transition which is worst of all; one is unhinged; one is off one's balance."

Sarah has again fallen down on the floor before her sister, and is again suppliantly clasping her knees.

"One month! one month!" she cries beseechingly. "And before the month is out, you may be down on your knees as I am, thanking God and me for having saved you from perdition. One month! one month!"

She has pressed her head against her sister's gown, and through the woolen stuff her tears are soaking—Sarah's rare tears!

There is such a compelling ring in her voice that Belinda's cold, sick heart throbs beneath it. Again that vision rises before her, but changed and beautified. Rivers is coming into the room, but between him and her there thrusts itself no chill, pedant figure.

As she so stands hesitating, thrilling, in a waking dream, the door of the room does in effect fly open, and some one enters. Is it Rivers? Alas, no!

"A merry Christmas to you!" hawls Miss Watson, noisily entering, and throwing her greeting at them like a paving-stone. "I have just been up to wish granny a merry Christmas, but she does not seem very bright, eh? Do you think she is breaking at all? She did not seem up to her usual mark!"

Sarah has sprung to her feet, her habitual aplomb gone, and her one impulse to hide, at any price, her tear-stained face from the horny eyes of the intruder.

"Why, you do not look very bright either!" cries the

latter, looking inquisitively from one to the other of the girls' dismal faces. What is it? Christmas bills? Colds? You look as if you had a cold!" concentrating her whole attention upon Sarah, whose face is so little used to being inundated with tears that it resents it, and shows the traces more plainly than does one that is frequently bewept.

"I have," she answers, snatching eagerly at the excuse, and violently resuming a part of her usual nonchalant self-command; "a terrific cold. I have had it for—*for years!* If I were you, I would not come near me, or I shall give it you as soon as look at you!"

"Pooh!" replies Miss Watson doughtily. "You should take a cold bath all the year round, and wear flannel next your skin. Look at me!"

"Are you the result of taking a cold bath all the year round, and wearing flannel next the skin?" asks Sarah innocently, stealing a covert glance at her own foggy image in the little Chippendale mirror over the mantelpiece, to see how far she is recovered.

But Miss Watson does not hear.

"I am sure I do not know how I ever got here!" continues she, drawing up a chair to the fire, and setting her large feet on the fender; "there is not a cab to be had. I felt my way all round Berkeley Square by the railings. Five or six times I was as nearly as possible run over!"

"Just heavens, why not *quite*?" murmurs Sarah under her breath.

"I never remember such a Christmas Day; do you ever remember such a Christmas Day? I have just been asking granny whether in all her long experience, she ever remembers such a Christmas Day."

"If you have been appealing to granny's long experience," rejoins Sarah sarcastically, "no wonder you did not find her very bright; there is nothing in the world that she hates so much."

"I told her how ill I thought her looking," goes on the visitor comfortably, rubbing her knees, advanced in close proximity to the fire; "she tells me that it is the climate; that it is killing her by inches. She seems to have her heart set upon going to the Riviera; why does she not go?" with another look of acute inquisitiveness darted at her two companions. "She spoke of there being some tiresome hitch—something in the way; what is it—eh?"

"We cannot bear to go so far away from you," replies Sarah impudently, but with a nervous laugh and look toward her sister; "that is it."

But a curiosity so robust as Miss Watson's is not to be blunted by a jest. That great Toledo blade is not to be turned aside by a light rapier.

"No question of *£ s. d.*, eh?" says she persistently; "the Riviera grows dearer every year! No? Anything about either of you then?" trying to get a better idea of Belinda than the rather drooped nape of her white neck and one homespun shoulder afford; "any little—little *entanglement*, eh?"

"You have hit it!" cries Sarah jeeringly; "it is useless to try and conceal anything from you: we are endeavoring to arrange a marriage between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury; and as he cannot conveniently leave his see, we think it as well that I should remain in the neighborhood."

It is obvious that nothing is to be made of Sarah; the visitor turns her attention toward the other sister.

"Any more Latin exercises, Belinda?" she asks in a rallying voice; "has Professor Forth been helping you to do any more Latin exercises? does he often come? do you see much of him? does he ever ask you to go down to Oxbridge, eh?"

To these questions Belinda's answer is so unready that her junior has again to come to her aid.

"Of course," she answers ironically; "but he says he will not have us, unless we bring you too."

"As to that," replies Miss Watson, her rhinoceros-hide quite unpunctured by the pricks of this angry persiflage, "I can tell you I have a very good mind to take a run down there. What do you say to our making up a party? we would make him give us luncheon and take us about; they are always delighted to give one luncheon and take one about; and if we can get hold of Rivers, we will make him come too."

She looks triumphantly round to collect the suffrages of her companions as to this project; but neither is equal to giving utterance to any opinion upon it.

"Apropos of Rivers," continues the other, too happy in the sound of her own voice to miss the lacking response, and addressing the observation more especially to Belinda, "a very odd thing happened to me. I had not gone five yards from your house the other day, before I met him. I asked him at once whether he was on his way to call upon you."

"And he said what?" asks Sarah, trying to speak lightly, but with a hurry in her voice that she cannot still.

"He said 'No.'"

"That answer had at least the merit of brevity," replies Sarah, laughing forcedly and changing her position so as to interpose the slight bulwark of her girlish figure between her sister and their guest.

"I asked him why not. I said 'Do go; they expect you.'"

"That did not show a rigorous attention to truth on your part," rejoins Sarah sharply; "we did not expect him. But what did he say to that? was his answer marked by the same courteous diffuseness as before?"

"He did not say anything; he walked on very fast and hailed a hansom; but I should not wonder if he did come after all," consolingly. "I called out to him just as he was driving off, to be sure not to forget. Is that the luncheon-bell? Dear me! how the morning has run away! I suppose," with her loud assured laugh, "that you will give me a slice of beef and plum pudding, will you not, eh?"

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER that Christmas morning Sarah spends her eloquence in vain. She may draw what pictures and practice what oratory and cry what tears she chooses. Of what use is it to draw pictures for, or address appeals to, or weep tears over a stone? And as far as any malleability or power of receiving impressions from without goes, Belinda is henceforth a stone. She accepts all her sister's appeals in a sullen dogged silence. Whether she ever even hears them, Sarah is ignorant. She gives no sign of having done so by any least emotion produced by them. She listens, or seems to listen, with phlegmatic indifference to the sarcasms, vituperations, witticisms, poured from Sarah's cornucopia upon her future husband. They awake in her neither anger nor pain. She makes no effort to check them. Apparently she would as soon hear them as not. But at the end of them, when Sarah, from pure loss of breath—not, heaven knows, from any lack of good-will!—has paused, things are at precisely the same point as they were when she began.

Beaten and discouraged, she desists at last. Not indeed that she ever constrains herself so far as to omit tacking on some abusive adjective to the name of her future brother-in-law whenever she has occasion to

mention him. Nor is it until she has exhausted every possible expletive as far as she knows the English language, and applied them not only to him, but to his mother, that she desists at all. She relieves her feelings by putting all the dogs into mourning, tying a piece of black crape round each of their tails; a proceeding which fills Punch with fury, Pug with *mauvaise honte*, and Jane with pride. Jane has that love for finery which is implanted in many plain persons.

With a face set like a flint, Belinda marches to her doom. And neither dogs nor men can retard the approach of the date of that doom. There are no preparations to delay it. She has steadfastly adhered to her determination to have no new clothes.

"A willful woman will have her way!" Mrs. Churchill says, shaking that head whose eyes seem to grow brighter and her cheeks pinker and smother as each day brings her nearer to the tenth of January and the South of France. "I suppose you know your own affairs best; and I fancy that you will not have much need for dress at Oxbridge; the only time that I was there I thought all the women shockingly *fagotté*!"

She stops and shrugs her shoulders at the recollection; but even as she shrugs a smile hovers across her lips. She is thinking that her French tour will be none the worse for having her purse made heavier by the weight of Belinda's *corbeille*.

"I am too annoyed about Belinda," she says on another occasion to her younger granddaughter; "but you know how useless argument is! She is as obstinate as a mule; and since she has determined to be no expense to me, I was thinking," her eye lightening, "of getting one or two things for ourselves: I should not wonder if, after all, I might manage to let you have that plush cloak trimmed with fisher-tails that you asked me for at Cécile's the other day. Come! what do you say?" tapping her cheek with an air of fond friskiness.

"I say that I will not have it!" replies Sarah doggedly; "it is blood-money!"

The settlements are drawn up. Belinda's widowhood and her younger children are provided for. Bought are license and ring. The latter Professor Forth brought one day to be tried on; and Belinda, with white, shut lips, pallidly essayed it. There is no bustle of arriving parcels, no wedding presents to be displayed. Miss Churchill has sternly insisted upon an absolute secrecy being observed as regards her engagement. She can bear to be married, but gifts and congratulations upon her marriage she could not bear. So that the comers and goers to the little house in — Street still come and go, without suspicion that anything out of the ordinary course is brewing beneath its modest roof.

Mrs. Churchill would have preferred that the betrothal should be proclaimed from the housetops. It would give it a body and solidity that just at first she fears it lacks. An engagement known to all the world is much more difficult of rupture than one to which only the three or four persons most nearly concerned are privy.

"Belinda is so odd and crotchety," she says one afternoon, as she and Sarah are driving home through the Park together; "why, if she is in earnest, should she object to people being told? Do you think there would be any harm in my just giving a hint of it to the Crawfords, and Dalzells, and Lady Hunt, and—and just our own intimates? They will be so hurt at being left out in the cold; and I am sure that they would give her something handsome. Even if she does not care for personal ornaments, they might give her plate; I do

not suppose," with an amused smile, "that there is likely to be much plate in the Forth family!"

"And you think," retorts Sarah, with a fiery eye and a curling lip, "that the more people you tell about it the more Belinda will be nailed to keeping it! Do you think that, after all these years, I do not understand you?"

The elder woman looks rather foolish, and does not repeat her suggestion.

And now, indeed, all necessity for it is at an end. There is obviously no need to tie Belinda with the cords of convention and public opinion to her fagot and stake. The tenth of January has come, and she has yet shown no sign of flinching. To insure the greater privacy the marriage is to take place at nine o'clock in the morning. Not a soul is bidden to it. There are no bridesmaids or groomsmen, no train of wedding guests.

Even Mrs. Churchill, on hearing of the earliness of the hour, has, like those wedding guests that Scripture speaks of, begged to be excused. Perhaps it is not only the raw winter morning from which she shrinks. Perhaps she is not particularly anxious to be an ocular witness of that ceremony which she has certainly speeded with her prayers.

"I hope you do not think it unkind of me, my child," she says, appearing at her dressing-room door in a pretty laced dressing-gown as she hears her granddaughter descending the stairs to the brougham; "but you know what a London church is, and you know what my neuralgia is. How nice you look!" smilingly surveying the dark, homespun suit, so dark and brown as in the shabby light to look quite black, and the rigidly plain close bonnet which her granddaughter has chosen for her wedding garments.

Belinda smiles too—a smile of which her grandmother is not particularly fond of thinking afterward.

"Yes, do I not?" she says—"so like a bride!"

"In point of fact," continues the old lady rather hurriedly, and not much relishing the tone of this acquiescence in her compliment, "I shall be far more useful at home; I shall insure the house being thoroughly well warmed for you when you come back; you shall find roaring fires in every room!"

"We shall not come back," replies Belinda quietly.

"Not come back?" (with an accent of extreme surprise). "You are going abroad then?"

"No; but there is nothing to come back for."

"And whose fault is that, pray?" asks her grandmother with an uncomfortable laugh. "If I had had my way, there would have been plenty to come back for: a good breakfast; a score of people; speeches!"

"But that was not my way," replies Belinda, again faintly smiling; "and as you say sometimes, *tous les goûts sont respectables*. I am afraid that I shall be late if I delay any longer; good-by, granny."

She speaks the two last words quite gently and friendly, and holds out her fair cold cheek to be kissed. Mrs. Churchill is afterwards not much fonder of thinking of the feel of that cheek, than of the look of that smile before spoken of—it was as of the dead.

And meanwhile, through the dismal morning streets, dirty with that worst of all dirtiness, dirty snow, and where the lamp-lighters have only just put out the lamps, and would have done better not to put them out at all, Belinda drives, her sister by her side. The angry tears are raining down Sarah's face, encouraged rather than checked by their owner. In her small warm hands (for even on a bitter January morning wrath is warming) lie tightly clasped Belinda's cold ones. The shop-boys are only just beginning to take down the shutters;

in the haberdashers' undressed windows, instead of costly fabrics and dainty webs, are to be seen nothing but bare boards and skeleton stands. The blue-armed housemaids are scrubbing the door-steps; through the squares the milk-carts rush.

"I wish you would cry," says Sarah presently, from among her sobs.

"Why should I?" replies Belinda calmly; "it is my own doing."

"That is the worst of it!" cries Sarah passionately; "if you were doing it for some great cause—to save granny from the workhouse, or me from the scaffold—there would be some sense in it! there is no sense now!"

There is no sense in it! The words keep echoing, dancing—set to a teasing tune—in Belinda's head for the rest of the way. They reach the church-door. The carriage stops.

"We have got to the gallows, it seems!" says Sarah, with a fresh burst of sobs, then, vehemently wringing her sister's hands, she cries desperately: "Belinda! it is not too late yet! there is still time! it is not too late yet to go back!"

"I have no wish to go back," replies Belinda firmly, though her voice is low and weak, and her lips are white; "why should I wish to go back, when it is my own doing?"

So they get out. At the door they are received by a Churchill cousin, who, summoned as Belinda's nearest male relative to give her away, stands awaiting them, cross and shivering.

"Has he come? is he here? I do not see him!" says Sarah, with a last flare up of hope, peering eagerly into the church, where here and there (only here and there, for they are not nearly all lit) a gas-lamp displays its dreary yellow flicker on the background of thick morning fog. "Yes?"—then with a sudden collapse into disappointment—"then he has not had a paralytic stroke at the last moment, worse luck!"

They walk up the aisle; a snuffy old pew-opener in a black crape bonnet preceding them; Belinda on her cousin's arm; Sarah, in her ostentatiously paraded grief, bringing up the rear. They have arrived at the altar, the candles upon which are lit, their wavering light falling upon an impatient clergyman and two elderly men; for the bridegroom has brought with him a friend of his own age and calling, whom he has summoned from Oxbridge to support him. The Churchill cousin has never before seen the bridegroom, nor has the bridegroom's friend ever before seen the bride. The opposing parties now stare at each other in unaffected astonishment. All through the service, the young Churchill, who had once himself thrown out feelers in the direction of Belinda, and had them civilly and firmly at once returned to him, is setting himself angrily in imagination by the side of the bridegroom, and wondering what the devil Belinda can have seen in this ugly old curmudgeon to prefer to himself.

All through the service, the bridegroom's supporter is staring in gaping wonder at the beautiful broken-hearted-looking girl, who has mysteriously elected to unite her fate with that of his old friend; ruefully reflecting that she will bring certain death to the constitutionals, and the pipes, and the discussions on the *Enclitic de*, and such-like light subjects, which they have been in the habit of sharing for the best part of the last forty years. All through the service the bridegroom is peevishly glancing over his shoulder to see whence comes the draught of raw air that, despite the

black velvet skull-cap with which he has furnished himself, he feels at baleful play about his ears. Belinda alone, looks neither to the right nor to the left. If she were really the statue which her fair, still body so closely resembles, she could not be less conscious than she is of dank nipping air or curious look. She appears to listen with close attention, or is it indeed not attention, but the impassiveness of stone? Only once through all the service does her face come to life; and then it is stabbed into life, as one has heard in the grisly dissecting-room tale, of him who, thought dead, was brought back to agonizing momentary life by a knife-thrust! The knife-thrust that brings Belinda back to life lies in the words, "Forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live."

"Forsaking all other!" She has been spared the trouble of forsaking that other. Has he not been beforehand with her? Has he not forsaken her?

Sarah, closely watching her, sees her ashy features contract in such a spasm of mortal pain, that she involuntarily starts forward. Is she going to faint? If she faint, and is carried out of church, may she not be saved even yet? She is not yet married! The service is not yet ended! But the next glance at her face dispels the momentary hope. Belinda is not going to faint; she has gained back her rigidity. She is dead again.

It is over now; over—even to the signing of names in the vestry. The clergyman offers his congratulations, but he does it hastily and abstractedly. He is thinking whether he will have time for a good warming and breakfasting before setting off for the funeral at Kensal Green, at which he has to assist. The bridegroom's friend and the Churchill cousin also offer theirs; but those of the first sound incredulous, and those of the latter ironical. Sarah alone keeps utter silence. The brougham stands at the door, the horse fidgety and stung by the cold. A crossing-sweeper and two pinched street children are watching the strange wedding party's exit. The bridegroom, great-coated and comfortered to the end of his long nose, is bidding adieu to his ally. The bride turns to her sister:

"It is done now!" she says pantingly; "there is no going back from it now!"

"None!" replies Sarah dully.

"Say something to me, Sarah; wish me something good!"

She has flung her arms round her sister in an *épanchement* most unusual with her. Her icy cheek is hard pressed against her sister's hot and tear-reddened one.

"I wish you—I wish you—" cries Sarah, stammering, what between her sobs, the almost ungovernable impulse to invoke upon her sister a speedy widowhood, and the hopelessness of finding any other wish that will not sound—mockery.

"You—you cannot find anything to wish me!" says Belinda tremulously. "You are right; there is nothing."

"I—I wish you," says Sarah, driven to desperation by this tone, and clinging convulsively to her sister as though ten bridegrooms should not force them apart—"I wish you many happy returns of the day!" breaking into an hysterical laugh. "That is ambiguous. I may attach what meaning I choose to it."

These are the last words Belinda Forth hears, before the brougham whirls her away. The Churchill cousin takes Sarah home in a hansom, and a very unpleasant drive he has, as she cries violently the whole way, in passionate self-reproach at having found nothing kinder to say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

THE time had come when he who should untie the Gordian knot of slavery was to appear. Thousands of the best and bravest had grappled with the problem in vain. Many a gallant knight had graven "Liberty" upon his helm only to find himself sooner or later doing battle for slavery. The high and the low had been baffled. What seemed at the beginning an insoluble enigma had grown daily more intricate and difficult. Slavery, which had grown from a little speck to cover half the political horizon, had from the first falsified all theories. Instead of dying it had flourished; instead of losing strength it had gained power; instead of yielding to the sentiment of the world it openly defied it. It ruled not only the states where it existed, but those which fattened on its results. The great industries of the North consumed its raw material and supplied its demand for manufactured articles and bowed to its behests. Cotton was king, and slavery was the suzerain of cotton. In pride, in power, in wealth, it had grown with every decade stronger and stronger, until now it seemed that the nation was under its absolute control. The sentiment of the North had grown year by year more pronounced, and the opposition to slavery more and more determined, yet the way to its extirpation seemed hourly to grow more difficult, and the desired end to be farther and farther away. Before the wave of sentiment uprose forever the barrier of the Constitution. The fundamental law of the nation's life stood between slavery and the onslaught of its foes. Amendment in the manner prescribed was hopeless. Around or behind this instrument there seemed to be no feasible method of going. To trample it under foot was to destroy the nation based upon it. The life of the Republic was pledged for the life of slavery. "The irrepressible conflict" still held on its triumphant way in the hearts of the American people, but none could see any way to victory. Some there were who demanded the forcible removal of the obstacle. One man who had not ceased to declare for many years that only blood could wash away the evil was preparing to make good his prophecy. He looked forward to a day when the slave should win his way to freedom by force. There were many who agreed with him that there was no other method. Some listened to his plans and vaguely indorsed his designs. To many they were partially disclosed, but none knew their details. He had one thought only: slavery must be destroyed. He cared little for the Constitution, or the nation builded thereon.

Laws, customs and institutions were nothing to him; only the men who were subject to them were sacred in his eyes. For him the universe held but two facts—God, who created all things, and man, made in His image. That slavery was an evil was all he needed to know. That it was doomed to destruction was, by the mere fact of its unholiness, rendered certain beyond question to his mind. How it should be destroyed he he did not know—he did not care. That men should die in compassing its destruction he did not doubt; whether one or ten or millions it mattered not. He counted liberty as part of the revealed Word, which he devoutly believed, and to him it was of infinitely less moment that men should die than that its lightest syllable should fail. So, too, while he lived for humanity, he thought it far better that a nation or a race even should perish from the face of the earth than that they should live to suffer wrong. Righteousness and wrong were his two abstractions. To overcome the one was to do the other. He regarded the nation only as a means for achieving a specific end. If the end was not completely achieved he thought the instrument should be at once discarded. On the plains of Kansas, in the swamps of the South, among the snows of the Adirondacks, and in the mountains of Virginia, he thought of but one thing—how he might redeem the slave from the wrong of servitude. Without selfishness or malice or greed, hating with undying bitterness the sin of slavery, he could see no obstacle in the way of liberation of the slaves, except the insincerity and inertness of the people. John Brown represented one extreme of thought. Few even of those who agreed with him had the courage and self-denial to adopt the methods he espoused. He represented the sentiment of the most active and ultra portion of the anti-slavery element. The destruction of slavery at once and at all hazards was their controlling motive. These people had done the better portion of the work of awakening public sentiment upon this question. They were the pioneers without being the leaders of popular belief. There was little need, at the time of which we write, of laboring to convince the Northern masses of the desirability of the result they desired to accomplish. How to obtain it without overthrowing the national fabric was the sole question.

It is a strange fact, and shows a queer phase of our American character, that many of those who were willing to violate the statute law in aiding the fugitive slave, who would even imperil life and liberty in securing for the bondman the means to escape, and were

ready to defend and protect him in such unlawful acts, no sooner perceived that a movement involved the subversion of the Constitution, or actual defiance of its authority, than they at once refused all connection therewith. They were willing to violate the law—to become felons, perhaps, but they could not contemplate with composure the abrogation of the great contract that constitutes the charter of our liberties. Of these there were very many. It mattered not how deep their conviction of the right of liberty and the evil of slavery, they were ready to endure the evil a while longer rather than antagonize the basis principles of our Constitution by assailing the citadel of the state's right, within which slavery was entrenched. This was the feeling of the great mass of the people. The fanatics, who were ready and willing to do and dare anything, were few, very few, in comparison. It was evident that only an absolute conviction of the direct necessity for such a course would induce the American people even to put itself on guard against the institution of slavery. To move against it openly was regarded as treason; to combine against it secretly was accounted sedition.

Besides all this, and after all that could be said, no matter how deep their abhorrence might be, there were very many people of the North who excused their inaction by the declaration:

"It is not a matter for us to consider. The sin of Slavery does not lie at our doors, nor the danger. The institution belongs to the South. Our hands are clean. If they desire to invite the curse it must entail, well and good. We cannot hinder them."

Many strove to overthrow this delusion and prove that every man of the North was, morally, at least, responsible for the act of his fellow-citizen of the South. But in this they made little progress, as it seemed, until there came one to whose homely sentences the people listened as if he spoke by inspiration. So clear and cogent were his reasons that no one gave him credit for uttering any new truths. They seemed so plain and simple that the dullest listener conceived that he only heard a re-statement of his own thought. He was a man born of the people, as are all in whom the spirit of the Deliverer dwells. From Mary's son till now the Messianic spirit has ever appeared beneath the lowliest lintel. The Deliverer comes always from the plain. The middle class—above the abject poor, and below the soul-dwarfed rich—is that which gives the world the men that overturn its institutions, relieve its people from the bondage of their past and open the gateway of the future. The greatest of our mighty men was one who stood among us in such simple guise that even those who sat at meat with him dreamed not of his greatness.

By birthright he was of the South, and, as such, cursed by its destiny. Father and mother, smitten by poverty and ignorance, dwelt in the shadow of the Kentucky "knobs." The destiny of the "poor-white" brooded over their united lives. Slavery which made few rich and many poor counted them among its victims. The shame which passed by the slave because of his irresponsibility, lighted on the freeman, compelled, like him, to toil. So that labor became a badge of degradation; and need, which elsewhere was the spur to increased endeavor, there became only a whip to sting and to debase. Labor was degenerated into a badge of servitude—the mark of a subverted manhood. Only idleness was honorable. He whose hand was forced to toil for self-support was kindred to the slave and even less esteemed. Even the slave's con-

tempt was visited on such. "Poor-white!" How the name stuck and stung and dragged downwards! What a world of humiliation in its two syllables! Commiseration, contempt—despair! "White trash!" Expressive synonym! The fringe of a race of princes! The débris of a people whose prerogative it was to rule, and whose distinctive privilege it was to be served by another. It was a sad estate, full of shame and self-abasement, and all the more degrading because their only pride lay in the fact that they were allied in blood to the class who ruled and contemned them. Such was the genesis of the Deliverer. The poor-white birthmark was his sole inheritance.

Yet not in his own person did he feel this degradation. Across the narrow river that skirts "the dark and bloody ground" upon the Northward, a younger sister state, with a happier destiny, had been established. His Bethlehem was on the Sangamon. Yet the brand of the "poor-white" was stamped upon his soul. Poverty and ignorance and hopelessness rocked his cradle. Laughter and tears were strangely mingled in his nature. Little by little he came to know himself. More than thirty years he served before he knew that he had a mission to perform. He was always a dreamer. He did not fast in the desert nor flee to the caverns for inspiration; but the forest and the stream and the prairie—silence and solitude and distance—nourished the dream of power, revealed to him himself. He had few books and no teachers. Man and nature were the volumes which he read most easily and studied most assiduously.

He was not profoundly versed in the lore of the past, but the facts of the present were indelibly stamped upon his mind. His philosophy was direct and simple. He did not waste time in elaborating systems for the future or reasons for the past. How things came to be as they were he was at no trouble to explain. What should be the ultimate outcome of the mixture of good and evil which we call life, he gave little thought to determining. The duty of the present and its relations to the nearer future he perceived with the utmost clearness.

The accident of stature first opened the way to leadership. The desire to be foremost spurred him to renewed exertion. Slowly he awoke to the knowledge of power. Uncultured of mind and uncouth of speech, none looked to him for a leadership in thought. Yet his words were like winged arrows. He used the simple dialect of the people, and spoke directly to their hearts.

The peril of the near future rested like a shadow upon his life. To him the nation was the sum of all excellence. Flaws in it were like spots in the sunshine. He revered the Constitution no less than its most devoted worshipper. To him it was the guarantee of all that made liberty desirable. He hated slavery as an enemy of the dominant race. He felt himself wronged through generations by its blight. It was not pity for the slave that moved him to oppose the system, so much as dread of the system itself and its paralyzing and debasing effects upon every grade of society exposed to its influence. He felt its injustice, not merely to those who served without reward, but also to those who, by its influence, were shut out of the struggle of life—the fair competition for its rewards.

He did not profess to be more profoundly versed in the philosophy and history of this question than others. On the contrary, in this respect he followed gladly where others led. He seconded rather than directed in any considerable degree the efforts to awaken interest in the character of slavery and to combine the

people of the North in philanthropic movements in behalf of the slaves. Justice rather than pity marked his attitude toward them. By the most fanatical he was even regarded as lukewarm in the cause of which he was destined to become the one immortal leader and exemplar. He was no impassioned advocate of mercy. It was not his mission to deal with the philosophy of the primary cause or resultant effects of social movements. The function reserved to him was to perceive with unequalled clearness the consequence of admitted facts, to impress them upon the popular heart as no one else had ever done, and then to find a way to avoid the peril that impended. Sprung from the people, his reverence for their will and belief in their ultimate decision were so great that he was sometimes deemed a demagogue. He was not one, however, that bowed to the half-formed will of the masses, but one who sought to bring them up to his own conviction—not with reproaches and sneers, not with arrogance and scorn, but with unceasing humility, a never-failing good temper, and a familiarity and sincerity of statement that in the end always won his way to the popular heart. As a philanthropist he was inferior to thousands; as a student of the facts of history and politics he was easily distanced by scores of his contemporaries; as a fervid and impassioned orator he was excelled by many; but as one who realized the peril of the hour and had power to make the voice of the people in very truth the voice of God, he was easily foremost. In capacity to devise a way of escape from peril, and to lead the people willingly and gladly along the narrow path by which alone safety was possible, he was unapproached by any man of his day.

The party representing the anti-slavery idea, which had been based on the declaration that "the repression of slavery" was desirable, recoiled from its first conflict with the slave-power less demoralized by defeat than amazed at the near approach to victory which it had accomplished. Yet this result had been achieved, as we have already shown, more by the accidental co-operation of discordant elements than by the harmonious action of a consolidated and homogeneous party. No sooner had it demonstrated its power than incongruous elements began to develop within it. Not only the strife of ambitious leaders, but the radical divergence of factions animated by mutually antagonistic impulses, promised not merely to prevent a complete and stable organization, but also to render futile all hope of future victory. What was needed was a mordant that should cause all these factions to adhere to a common purpose—to remain faithful to a common end. This solvent of hostile ideas was first obtained when the uncouth backwoodsman was chosen by his party associates to represent them and uphold the principles of the yet inchoate party in an oratorical conflict with the subtlest, strongest, ablest of the champions of state sovereignty and the peculiar institution which flourished under its protection. All unconscious that his words were the master-key of the situation, Abraham Lincoln rose at once from an obscurity which is all the more remarkable because it contained no appreciable hint of the eminence that awaited him, to the very front rank of his age, when he put forth as the basis of the momentous struggle in which he was about to engage this proposition:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand . . . The American nation must be all free or all slave."

On that issue the battle was joined anew. From that hour the conflict was waged on no other ground. The most fanatical and the most conservative elements of the free state civilization met here upon a common

level. Thenceforward Abraham Lincoln was the unquestioned leader of the movement for the overthrow of slavery—the generalissimo of all the forces mustering for its destruction. For the first time a means had been found to harmonize all differences of sentiment and secure the utmost unity of purpose and action on the part of all who were opposed to the "peculiar institution," which held in its degrading touch one half the land, and threatened with its demoralizing influences the other moiety. The great dilemma—"all free or all slave"—stared the American people in the face as the unavoidable fact of the near future. To the people of the North it came like a revelation sustained by irrefragable proofs. The disruption of the treaty which the slave-power had itself proposed; the seizure of Kansas through the co-operation of the established government; the Fugitive Slave law, and the aggressions upon personal liberty thereunder, all pointed to the dilemma which this clear-sighted child of the people placed before them for consideration. It needed no argument and admitted of no hesitation. There was but one question: If free or slave, which? In every man's consciousness it became a ceaseless refrain. To the objection that nothing could be done except through a violation of the Constitution, there was but one answer: "Free or slave?" There was in this no attack upon the "compact made between the states," or "the sacred pledge which the fathers gave." It was no appeal to a "higher law," and yet there was no farther room for the excuse: "It is no concern of ours." "Mason and Dixon's line" was no longer the boundary of evil consequences resulting from slavery. "All free or all slave" stood at the threshold of every Northern home, and compelled father, brother and son to decide upon the dread alternative before they crossed the lintel. All who regarded slavery as an evil, an injustice or a sin were by this one thought marshaled under the banner of this new leader. From this text he never swerved.

Undoubtedly the contest between Lincoln and Douglas was the most momentous oratorical struggle that ever occurred. Both men were firm believers in the views they advocated, and each represented a new idea. The one idea was a subtle evasion, a specious makeshift, designed to avoid apparent objection to the extension of slavery, and, under the guise of absolute impartiality to all parties, sections and ideas, to render possible its peaceful establishment on the plains of the West. It was a measure which no Southern champion of slavery could ever have devised. It was noteworthy for its subtle appreciation of the spirit and genius of the North. As a piece of mere political shrewdness it is almost without a parallel in history. Those in whose behalf it was conceived and put forth could only half appreciate its specious strength. Against argument it stood well-nigh impregnable. The distinctions on which it was based were so subtle, its discriminations were so keen, that it was hardly susceptible of popular refutation, except from the standpoint of its consequences. But the proposition which Mr. Lincoln put forth, while offering the most perfect possible reply to the theory of "squatter sovereignty," was also one which put not only the expounder of that doctrine but even the man who was merely tolerant of slavery, on his defense. It was at once a parry and a thrust. It was like a turn of the wrist of the expert swordsman. It seemed so easy that we forgot the power, the skill, the intellect that lay behind its elucidation and its application. It set over against the perils of slavery the blessings of liberty. Through the dread of slavery it impelled, and by the love of liberty it induced co-operation in any

movement that should most readily and easily destroy the one and establish the other. It was a trumpet-call that mustered at once all the forces of liberty against the life of slavery.

From that moment all else in the struggle of parties was forgotten. Whether the whole land should be free or slave was the only question worthy of consideration—an issue that overbore all minor differences. The South recognized it as the summons to the last great battle. They perceived the power of the new leader even before his own associates became aware of it. To the latter he was known simply as a valiant soldier who had met the champion of slavery on his chosen field, and in the face of assured defeat had planted deeply and securely the seeds of ultimate victory. They thought of him only as one who, single-handed and alone, had won from the enemy an important stronghold. The chiefs in the anti-slavery movement had no thought of acknowledging him as their leader. Seward and Sumner and Wade and Greeley and Chase and Giddings and Gerrit Smith and Wendell Phillips, and a hundred more almost, would have laughed at the idea of this uncouth child of the prairie stepping up before them and occupying, before all the world and for all time, unquestioned pre-eminence as "the great Emancipator." Even now the especial admirers of each are fond of putting their names before that of the unpretentious giant of the Sangamon country as leaders in the great anti-slavery conflict. But the force of a blow must be judged by its results, and the power of the man who gives it by the ease with which it is delivered. Judged by this rule, Abraham Lincoln established an unquestioned right to the foremost place as a leader when by a single sentence he made victory not only possible but inevitable—fused a thousand discordant motives into one, and brought the anti-slavery struggle down from the domain of humanitarian theory to the level of tangible universal interest. He discovered nothing, but he transmuted weakness into power.

The South, with surer prescience, saw its enemy afar off. It recognized the master-stroke aimed at the corner-stone instead of the outworks of the citadel. It perceived in him the leader of the grand assault upon the position which slavery occupied, and stubbornly refused to credit any denial that was made of the purpose of those who stood with him; when, shortly afterward, he was made the head of the party organization, they did not hesitate to consider it a declaration of war against their pet institution. And they were right thus far at least. Abraham Lincoln was chosen to be President because the Republican party had determined to do all that might be done, without actual violation of the Constitution, to destroy slavery. To deny that fact is to re-echo a quibble which, while it might not be reprehensible in a heated controversy, is unworthy the attention of the student of a mighty revolution. It was from an impulse of self-defense therefore, that the press and politicians of the South leveled their batteries of invective, of ridicule, of infamy against him, in the vain hope of destroying him before his power was understood and appreciated by his friends. So the great, kindly, pure-hearted Saul became a "monster," a "baboon," a "clown," a "beast"—all that was infamous and foul, and remains such to this day to many thousands to whom his life was a most beneficent providence. In nothing did his greatness show more clearly than in the fact that nothing provoked him to anger, and he made answer to no aspersion. Unflinching in his devotion to the principle that liberty and slavery could not

co-exist, unswerving in his faith in the wisdom and fidelity of the people, he trod alone the pathway which his genius first discerned, along dizzy heights, through fateful fens, in the darkness and in the light; never going too fast to enable the whole people to follow his course, and never moving too slow when once assured of the support which was necessary to success; undaunted by fear and unblinded by ambition, until the end was reached and his work was accomplished. Slavery avenged itself through him. The child of the "poor-white" of the Kentucky knobs liberated not the slave only, but those whom the slave had been made the instrument to degrade. Not Emancipator only, but Liberator, will he be hailed when the centuries look back upon him.

It has become the fashion in these later days to look upon Lincoln as the accident of an accident rather than as the man of the age—the greatest of all who have borne the name American. Little souls who came near his great life—who viewed his nature as the insect scans the bark of the oak along the rugate surface of which he creeps, with a self-satisfied contempt of the rude strength and solid core that lies within—have been winning for themselves a sort of immortality and an infinitude of contempt by trying to paint the man whose perfections they could never apprehend. Our literature has been overrun with a horde of puny drive-ers made purblind by the glory of a life whose light was so serene and steady that they counted it but a reflection of the lurid conflict amid which he lived. It was not because one man schemed or another paltered that Abraham Lincoln came to the leadership of the hosts of freedom. Neither was it through the merit of any or all of his advisers that he succeeded in accomplishing the task set before him, but chiefly through his own consummate genius and unmatched power. It was not luck but intellect that brought him from obscurity to the forefront of the greatest movement in history. The men who stood beside him were pigmies in practical power when compared with him. He was so great that he needed no padding, and was careless of his fame. As he came from the people so he left himself fearlessly in their hands. It has been customary, while admitting his prudence, sagacity and self-control, to depreciate his intellectual power. The change of position which he effected by a single phrase, was so easily done and seemed so evident when once put forth, that few have stopped to think that the intellect of Sumner, the prophetic grasp of Seward, the foresight of Chase and the brain of a thousand others who seemed his compeers, had been hitherto utterly unable to formulate a common ground of opposition to slavery, which should commend itself to the mind and conscience of the people. He alone, of all the men of that time, had the sagacity to discover the key of the position, to unite all the discordant elements in the attack upon it, and to hold them up to the conflict until the victory was won. By that thought he fused all the discordant elements into one. It was one of those strokes of power which mark the highest genius. By this alone he would have established his claim to rank as much above his associates in intellect as he is admitted to have stood, in sagacity, devotion and self-forgetfulness. Standing on a level with the lowliest, he towered conspicuous above the greatest. Those who saw the apparent ease with which he achieved these results only half realized his greatness. Their regard was dissipated by a thousand insignificant details. Only the future can properly estimate the brain that consolidated the opposition to slavery, held the na-

tion to the work of putting down rebellion, and called his cabinet together only to consider the wording of a proclamation that was to change the status of a race forever. He bestrode our land like a Colossus, all unconscious of his own power, frankly esteeming others at their just value—incapable of detraction or envy, and trusting his fame, with a magnificent unconcern as to the result, to the future. Pure, simple, unassuming, kindly, touched with sadness and relieved

with mirth, but never stained with falsehood or treachery, or any hint of shameful act; his heart as tender as his life was grand; a little child in simplicity, a saint in purity, a king in power. Child of the sadly smitten South; nursling of the favored North; giant of the great West—his life was the richest fruitage of the liberty he loved! His name is the topmost which a continent has given unto fame!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL FEATHERSTONHAUGH AND HIS MASK.

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

GENERAL ADOLPHUS MACPHERSON FEATHERSTONHAUGH would have been fully justified had his name been thrice as long and as loud. He was over six feet high, and was broad of shoulders, far-reaching of arms, of symmetrical expanse and vigor in every sense. Not merely was his head of the largest dimensions; his sandy red hair was of a luxuriant growth, which was the despair of every bald-headed man who saw him, and he would have rejoiced in a beard of the most patriarchal downpour if it had not been almost an article of his creed to shave himself as closely as might be every morning of his thoroughly regulated life. It was his use to shake hands if he met you a dozen times a day, and it was almost as good as a fur-lined glove to have him take your diminutive hand in his of a cold day, so large it was and so warm. There was always a rich, almost purple health in his magnificent breadth of countenance, and nothing was in more perfect keeping with his sumptuousness of size than were the deep organ tones of his voice, whose every depth, height, modulation, inflection, had been most affectionately cultivated.

For the General was an orator. Early in life he had published a volume on elocution, and it was his delight to revise and improve it as, year after year, it passed through successive editions, a yet larger and fuller lengthed likeness of himself as the frontispiece of each. I cannot truthfully say that there was much originality or suggestiveness of thought in any of the many discourses delivered by him. As to his words, you might as well try to quote Niagara; and it was yet harder to try, after, let us say, a Fourth of July oration, to recall any thought therefrom. "It is very stupid of me," you were apt to say, "for it was a splendid effort; but I cannot remember a thing he said."

The truth is, there are differences among public speakers, and when an orator gives himself so sedulously and successfully to the curve of his gestures, the expansion of his palms in persuasion, the rhythmic periods, the diversified peals of a voice such as his, one can have no time or care for anything else.

"Upon this most eventful recurrence of the natal day, ever glorious, of our national independence, what spirit so deteriorated, so abjectly bent toward the nadir of all that we appreciate as coming within the boundaries of the sublimest verities of our Western Hemisphere, but must bid the advent hail of that most epochal hour in the roll of centuries, the lapse of *Æons*." How often have I looked up at the majestic speaker, and striven to seize and hold the nebulous meaning of what he was so earnestly endeavoring to say. It was the best part of a temperance occasion, of the coming to our city of a dis-

tinguished Kossuth of one kind or another, of a political assembly, of the laying of the foundation-stone of a public building, to see the General rise, as he always did, to make the address. A committee would as soon have done without the Stars and Stripes, without the brass band, as without General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh.

"I think he looks best in black broadcloth and with a white tie," was the remark of the old people.

"You do? We," the young ladies would cry, "like him best in his regalia as a Free Mason. Oh, but isn't he grand then! What a pity it is not usual for a Knight Templar to speak with his hat on—the gorgeous feathers would go so well with the General's way of saying things!"

But he had this advantage over other public men. It is but now and then that they can make a speech, whereas I never saw the General that he did not have on the robes and wig, so to speak, of an advocate. It was great good luck if you met him coming up street when you had a country cousin by your side, some stranger from elsewhere. "Who is that?" was always demanded of you on the first sight of your distinguished fellow-citizen as he drew near, carefully dressed, as was his wont, with kid gloves, well-blacked boots, snowy linen, plentiful watch-chain across his white vest, his gold-headed cane in his hand. Except that your companion was apt to be a little nervous under the ordeal, it was the event of his stay in town—the introduction and subsequent conversation; it gave one an idea of how it feels to be presented to an emperor.

But it was not conversation, if the interview lasted not over five minutes—it was that much of an oration. Lounging in the hall of a hotel; coming upon him in the throng of a store; listening to him during the stay at table of a dinner party, and when he stood in the parlor afterward, with his back to the fire, whatever he said was that much of a discourse. He laid down the law to patient, physician, nurses, during his ten minutes in a sick chamber, and the modulation of his thunder to the hour and the area was as good as a scrap of oratorio. I have come upon him when he was buying a paper of a newsboy of a bitterly cold morning on a windy street corner; I have heard him directing his man to carry a message; once I chanced on him as he was arguing the proper pay for cleaning the snow from his sidewalk with a red-nosed and ragged tramp; on another occasion I passed by when he was remonstrating at his back-gate in mid-summer with the driver of an odoriferous swill-wagon—the General was, in every instance, delivering rounded

periods, with suitable gesture, ore-rotund accents, and all that belongs to an oration. His habitual language was as different from common talk as is classic Chinese from the vernacular, as was the Euphuistic jargon of the days of the Stuarts from Anglo-Saxon, as is the delicacy of an esthetic conversazione from the slang of the Bowery.

"I have read of the Man with the Iron Mask," one of the General's friends said to me one day; "but I really know as little about him, although I have known him all my life, as I do about that mysterious state prisoner. He has so draped himself from head to foot in the voluminous silk gown of an advocate. He eats in it, is sick and well, sits still or goes abroad, sleeps in it. It reminds me of Thackeray's cruel picture of Louis Le Grand, which was so folded that the mere lifting of a leaf from off this most majestic monarch Europe ever knew revealed, you remember, beneath flowing wig and royal robes, the pitiful scarecrow of an infirm granddaddy, weazen and tottering." Strip the General of his mannerism, and what is left?"

"We have all of us laughed," I replied, "at Hawthorne's story of the old witch who made an effigy of a man out of a pumpkin, a few sticks and an old suit of clothes stuffed with straw, breathed into him the breath of life, and sent him forth upon the tour of the world as a millionaire, a scientist, a successful lover. So of the General—"

But I was silenced by a universal outcry, which I stilled with uplifted hand to add, "You are right to object, but I did not mean to say that Hawthorne's heartless, soulless manikin was a correct representation of our excellent friend. That he is merely a moving mannerism is not the whole story; we are all agreed that a more generous, honorable, high-spirited, pure-minded, chivalrous gentleman, and in every best sense, does not exist. With all his affectation he is sterling gold; if he is the grandest humbug alive, he is also the most innocent, a very child at heart, and there is not a man of us but highly esteems even while we see through him. People smile at each other furtively as he goes by, with a bow and a wave of his hand, even while they acknowledge that, for the life of them, they cannot say why he is the person of distinction he so evidently believes himself to be. When you turn away from listening to him for half an hour or so, the man who has witnessed the interview is sure to greet you with a broad grin upon his face. All the time we are as proud of him as can be—for his essential goodness, but no human being can point to anything of value he has ever said or done. If no man is more laughed at than General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh, no one is so loved."

The General was a lawyer in tolerable practice; was often defeated for Legislature and Congress by some sharp, smart, alert man who bore the same likeness to his opponent during the canvass that one of Drake's little vessels did to the four-storied Spanish galleons which it first annoyed and then demolished.

But no one could tell how he managed to live, so small was his income, so fine was his linen and broadcloth, so ever fresh were his hat, boots, gloves and the bit of a bouquet he invariably wore in season upon the lapel of his well-brushed coat. He drank with strict moderation, never gambled, never raced or traded in horseflesh, bought and sold no mining shares, and was such an irrevocable old bachelor as delights the souls of the scores of necessitous nephews and nieces which such an old bachelor is sure to have. Chancing to own a modest little red brick house in the suburbs of the city, he made it his home, a peculiarly homely old lady acting as his housekeeper. Who could be so genial, in his

way, as the General, when, that is, you met him on the streets or in society? Yet no visitor could ever induce his door-bell to ring; or, if it did, no one ever heard it within; certainly it was never answered.

"There is a frightful story running the rounds," it was remarked in a knot of the General's lady friends one afternoon, "about his domestic affairs. A prying Mr. Smith, who passes the General's house to and from business every morning and evening, has fallen into the habit of peeping in at the basement windows as he goes by. Sometimes he walks of nights on the other side of the street, on purpose to see what he can of what is going on in the upper rooms. He says that he distinctly saw his neighbor seated on the side of his bed—just to think of such a thing in such a man!—actually darning his socks! What a pity he has not got a wife!"

The ladies laughed; but Mrs. Van Dorn, the lady who made the sad announcement, did not, and looked at her friends with surprise, not to say rebuke. She was a widow under forty, rich, plump, very charitable. Had she been more beautiful she too might have been as frivolous as those who could see only matter of amusement in such a man as the General being constrained to do such a thing.

"Why don't you marry him?" came now in chorus upon her ears. She was not so wealthy for nothing.

"There are some things," she said, "upon which I do not wish to be joked," and soon after she left, the ladies opening eyes of wonder behind her; and oh, the comparison of views which followed!

General Featherstonhaugh had long been aware of the admiration in which he was held by the lady—was a frequent visitor at her handsome house. Now, as an orator, he was equally eloquent upon any and every theme—politics, patriotism, masonry, temperance, art; because, having no definite conviction in regard to any of them, an address from him was of the nature of a purple haze, which could be interpreted in any way you pleased. That was how it came about when, in Mrs. Van Dorn's parlor after this, he went off into that memorable disquisition of his upon the general topic of woman, home, mutual affection. It never occurred to him that the widow was his only hearer, or that it was a dangerous thing for him to indulge just then and there in what he had laid down in his book on elocution and in practice as the most effective form of rhetoric, especially when one has reached his peroration—the placing himself in the centre of all he describes, though it be in centuries long past, yet to come, wholly foreign to him in every way. It was so now. Dwelling at dangerous length upon the wretchedness of man apart from woman, he exclaimed at last, and without a thought beyond his eloquence, standing before her as she sat lost in admiration:

"And is it thus with me—ah, woful me! Excluded, alas! from the one Eden left us, the Eden of home"—hands clasped together, eyes fixed upon emptiness—"I behold myself doomed, doomed"—deep and sorrowful bass—"to wander abroad solitary, abandoned, alone, sighing, Speed thee, wretch"—both hands thrown out—"among the arid absences of her whose smile illumines the world! Now, now, alas! unto whom can I turn in my unalleviated anguish? Is there a woman—?"

Of course I cannot give the exact words. What I do know is that, lost in his purely rhetorical fervors, his eyes moistened, his tones thrilling himself as well as his single hearer, his voice sinking in a measured cadence as he proceeded, he was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Van Dorn:

"General," she said, standing before him, her tear-

ful eyes upon the carpet, "you have said enough—more than enough! If you will take me, here I am with all I have—" and much more. So smitten was the orator in the midst of his lofty rhetoric that for a moment he lost his voice; but his ghastly pallor and the first recovery of his breath in the words, "Great heavens! madam—" might have disenchanted her, but that a visitor coming in at the instant prevented it. And, in a word, the General was too much of a gentleman to undeceive the delighted widow.

They are married. The conundrum thereafter among the General's friends was twofold: Will she, after the

honeymoon, undeceive her husband, herself undeceived, and so rend away his oratorical drapery? if so, what—good heavens!—will be left of him? Never! General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh has such confirmation in his wife that he is, if possible, more magnificent than before. The mask is upon soul as well as upon body; and in whatever world he may hereafter abide he must forever and ever be as we have known him here. But those who people that blessed world will like him none the less.

Even to his lawful wife the General still remains a hero.

THE HOUSEHOLD—AN OPEN LETTER FROM MRS. BLOSSOM.

"A DISGUSTING subject? I know it; but it isn't half as disgusting to talk it over and find if there be any way of escape. There isn't I know, unless the American nation can be reconstructed; and there is where the anguish comes in, for, of course, it began with the grandfathers, or with *their* grandfathers even; and equally of course, like the other things one doesn't like, is unconscious cerebration, or something as powerful and unaccountable and generally disagreeable. I wonder if the Pilgrim Fathers did it? They must have done, for one of their direct descendants lives next door, and has a sugar-bowl and cream-jug that drive one wild, they are so authentic and delightful, and make all the modern silver seem so unmeaning. But then when I look away from them, and see at the corner of their carved oak mantelpiece the inevitable horror, and not only there, but all over the house, there is nothing to do but feel sure that he isn't altogether to blame, and that heredity must be at the bottom of it.

"It just occurs to me that you may wonder a little what I am talking about, but I have thought it all over so long that it seems as if you must know by instinct. And it puzzled me so, that at last I went into Dr. Underhill's when I knew he was out, and asked Mrs. Underhill what was the best and in-every-way-most-to-be-trusted anatomy. And she said I could take Gray or a big French in three volumes, with the finest plates ever made; but what did I want them for? And so I told her how I had worried over it, and how it seemed to me there must be a difference, and I never should know till I had seen with my own eyes into both kinds of mouths—that is, a man's mouth and a woman's mouth. I should want letters two inches high to express the astonishment she put into her 'Why?'

"And so I told her that I had been a week in Washington, which really is so beautiful that it does seem just frightfully incongruous to see these great boxes wherever you go, and to feel so ashamed when the foreigners look disgusted or just smile in that abominably tolerant and forgiving way that makes one enraged for one's country and countrymen and everything else, and yet not a word to say, because it's all true and more. And then, as it happened, every seat in the parlor-cars was taken, and I rode half-way from Washington to Philadelphia in the everyday one, which had very few passengers. But three seats ahead was a man, so magnificent to look at that it was really difficult not to look too much, simply because he had the head and shoulders of—I won't say an Apollo—but of a man not only handsome, but strong and fine and noble-looking—a man anybody would turn to who wanted help or was in trouble. On the other side was a lady with a little boy, ten years old perhaps, and a delicate, fragile-looking child. I watched him, as I do all children, and he was watching this big, splendid man, who was doing something, I couldn't exactly tell what, that gave his head

a constrained position. I found out sooner than I wished, for he turned slightly, and then—imagine the abomination of it!—I saw that he was spitting at a mark!! He was near the coal-box! He took aim! He fired at an ornament in the middle, and he hit it every time! I shut my eyes, but they would open. There was a horrible fascination in watching. The awful pool grew, and ran out toward the aisle. Ladies coming it at way-stations walked over or in it as it happened. And then the child began and labored with his small might to make his contribution, till I grew sick and half-frantic. His mother was reading, but at last she looked up, after an unusual effort on the child's part, and said:

"I wish you didn't love to spit so, Ernest dear."

"He does it. Gentlemen always do it," the child said.

"I know it, dear, but I don't think it's pretty," the mother said, and was lost again in her novel. It seemed to me something ought to be said; and at last, as the child went for some water, there was a real opportunity, for the mother looked up and saw me looking at him, and half smiled. It was easy then to say, 'What a delicate little fellow he is,' and at once she began to tell me what he had suffered from indigestion, though they had studied all about foods, and tried to do the wise thing for him. So I told her about 'The Spitters' Dyspepsia,' and how any one might spit till there was an abnormal secretion, and all the force that ought to go in helping digestion was just spit away. She was astonished, and I told her my authorities; and then she said, of course, there must be some difference in the mouths of men and women, and did I know what? I didn't. One never does know little common things that ought to be plain as A B C, but I said I could find out and let her know for the child's sake.

"And that is the reason I wanted the anatomy, and Mrs. Underhill told the doctor, and he came in to talk it over, and said it was a very serious question that every mother ought to understand fully, for every confirmed spitter, if he did not have dyspepsia, *did* have weakened vitality and other troubles, and that there was neither sense nor reason nor decency in the habit. Cuspidores are very ornamental, but it's a shame to any one to have to own them; and, as for Washington and the horrible sawdust boxes in all the beautiful places, it is simply frightful to think that they must be, because the only use of a floor to the average North American, particularly the North American politician, is something to spit on! Write about it! Talk about it! Do anything that will help to make people think; and, above all, tell everybody that mouths are all alike, and that if a man spits there is no reason why a woman should not, at home and abroad."

This voice from one thinking woman is really the voice of all, but we are ready for other words from other quarters.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



ARE political associations constitutional which call themselves "German-Republican" clubs or "Irish-Democratic" ward associations, or anything, in short, that recognizes alien ties of an un-American origin? A decision from the Supreme Court on this question would not be at all beneath the dignity of that august body. It does not seem to occur to the average immigrant that on assuming allegiance to the United States he ceases to be a citizen of the fatherland. As soon as he can count a respectable number of compatriots he demands representation in the councils of the town, city, county, state or nation; and, if he does not get satisfaction in that way, he organizes, so that the combined votes of himself and his countrymen may be cast in favor of that party which promises the most substantial political prizes. This is all wrozg, but it is not very often that a public man has the courage to say so. The recently-elected mayor of New York, however, deserves credit for having given some very wholesome advice to a German delegation which waited upon him and asked for a share in the patronage of his office. The mayor told his visitors, in substance, that they need only look for recognition from him as Americans. As Germans they were entitled to no consideration whatever. In a city which, like New York, is largely governed by the foreign population—meaning Irishmen—the public officer who takes such a stand may count safely upon a deal of unpopularity among those whose un-American combinations for political purposes he refuses to recognize. That such exalted sentiments should come within the comprehension of Patrick or Hans is more than any public functionary ought to expect. This particular officer, moreover, Democrat as he is, has recently appointed to a confidential position a very "stalwart" Republican, and this fact will not be altogether acceptable in the eyes of his constituents. The position taken by the mayor is sound, however, and if all politicians would follow his example the word "naturalization" would soon mean far more than it does at present.

SEVENTH sons of seventh sons, and seventh daughters "in the same ratio likewise," seem to have the way to fortune made easy for them, provided they are capable of inspiring faith. Perhaps this power is one of the characteristics of these gifted persons, unless, indeed, there are seventh children of seventh children who, so to speak, hide their respective lights under convenient bushels. At all events enough of them are extant to justify a very considerable amount of liberal advertising, and no one need search far without learning of alleged miraculous cures effected by these natural astrolgers or whatever they may be called. Strange to say, the medical faculty does not seem disposed to recognize the healing powers of such irregular practitioners; but their failure to do so has small effect, so long as a paying constituency exists which thinks otherwise, and persists in getting rid of its bodily ailments through an interview with a seventh child. Simple faith is a wonderful curative agent, and the medical faculty aforesaid is somewhat blameworthy in that it does not more honestly follow the plain indications of nature in this regard. Most physicians will admit in weak moments of con-

fidence that they occasionally prescribe "bread pills" or other equally harmless remedies, and with good effect; and it is well known how, early in the present century, "Perkins' tractors" cured thousands of patients, as there is ample evidence to show. Does not all this point most emphatically to the imagination as a remedial agent? and why should the faculty so persistently ignore it? They all admit that faith on the part of the patient is an essential element of successful treatment; but beyond such paltry concessions as bread pills or distilled water with a dash of bitterness in it, they all refuse to go. In the remarkable case of Perkins' tractors just referred to, it was a regular physician who made a pair of imitation wooden tractors, and effected cures by their aid just as the original Perkins did with his metallic instrument. What need was there that he should thereupon expose the whole business as a fraud? Why could he not have let the cures go on as long as they would? Within a few years past so many thousand cripples have been cured by a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Lourdes," that their discarded crutches make a lofty monument before the altar of the church which their gratefully-contributed mites have combined to raise. What cured them, if they were cured? Why, faith, of course—otherwise termed imagination; and if it was really effective, blessed be such faith say we! No doubt seventh sons and most patent medicines are, in themselves humbugs; but somehow people are brought to believe in them, and, if they are not really cured, at least think that they are. Perhaps the time will come when an enlightened professional standard will permit more than it now does a resort to nature's own remedy—the imagination—a dose of which is surely far easier to take than are prescriptions duly compounded by our unimaginative friends, the druggists.

STATISTICS regarding the influence of forests on the rainfall and on floods are as yet in a somewhat inchoate and unsatisfactory condition. The great freshets which a month ago were devastating the Ohio watershed are not altogether unprecedented. Nearly two generations ago there was a flood which almost or quite reached the high-water mark registered the present season. At that time, of course, the area of forest was largely in excess of that which exists at present, and it is held by those who are indifferent to preservative forestry that the occurrence of a tremendous flood at that early day proves that the forests are not trustworthy preventives of such disasters. The argument, of course, fails for lack of proof that the floods of 1832 would not have been far greater had the forests been cleared off then as they are now. Whatever may eventually turn out to be the truth regarding the great valleys of the West, the influence of forest growth on the water supply of comparatively limited tracts in the East is well established. The State of New York, through its Legislature, has recently taken steps looking to the preservation of the wooded mountain ranges about the headwaters of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers—the Adirondack region, that is—which speaks well for the energy and wisdom of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the matter. It is not generally known that land

which has for centuries been covered by forests of fir and spruce becomes covered to a depth of several feet with a spongy substance, composed of the resinous twigs and leaves of the forest. This becomes saturated with water during the autumnal rains and freezes during the winter. Its non-conducting character acts as does the sawdust packing of an ice-house, and during the drought of the dog-days the streams flowing out of the spruce woods are often nearly as full and cold as in early spring. Whatever may be thought of the expediency of preserving sanitariums and hunting-grounds for the use of those who have the leisure and means to enjoy them, there can be no question about the policy of preserving the water-supply. There may be two sides to the Niagara question; but there is no room for doubt as to the natural reservoirs of fresh water. The Creator planted His paradise of evergreens on land which is for the most part unfit for cultivation, and at the same time invaluable as the source of the whole fluvial system of the continent. Any legislation looking to the preservation of these vast storehouses will entitle its originator to the gratitude of "millions yet to be." We are advancing slowly, but it is hoped surely, toward a wise system of forestry, state and national, and it may be reasonably hoped that before many years the present wholesale destruction of our wood-lands will be under reasonable control.

WE are indebted to a subscriber for calling attention to one of our advertisements, which was of a matter entirely undeserving of confidence or approval. Of course, *THE CONTINENT* is likely to be deceived in regard to an advertiser's merits as well as any one else. In this instance, our business manager, in accordance with our general rule, obtained a report from a source on which we supposed we could rely as to the character of the concern. By this report we were misled, and so accepted the advertisement. Though, perhaps, not worse than many things which are advertised in nearly all our leading journals, it is not such as we care to lay before the readers of *THE CONTINENT*. The advertisement was therefore promptly discontinued. We do not specify it more particularly, because we do not wish to call any attention to it. We assure our readers that we shall use all possible care to exclude everything of the sort from our columns.

THE two bulky volumes¹ in which Mr. Williams gives the result of a labor far beyond his original conception or plan, are the most notable addition not only to the literature of his subject, but to real history, that the year has afforded. The extraordinary calmness and dispassionateness with which facts are presented sets it above any mere history of the negro from the slavery point of view. It is not the story of the slave that he seeks to tell, but of the race; and though it is as slaves that they must be first considered, their steady progress and share in the evolution of our republican system is his chief consideration. The work began in 1876, with a Fourth of July oration on "The American Negro," in the preparation of which he discovered so much valuable historical material that he determined at once to shape it into some comprehensive form. His plans were made with excellent judgment, and carried out with vigor and real literary skill. The first part of the opening volume is in some points the weakest portion of the work, so far as his explanation of the curse of Canaan is concerned, and it may be said here that the religious aspect of the question forms the least agreeable portion of the book. But his argument against those who put the

negro outside of the human family is a powerful and unanswerable one, and the demonstration of his susceptibility to civilization and Christianity equally so.

The colonial history of the race is given in thirteen chapters, and as one reads the bare and simple statements of injustice, outrage and cruelty, it is well nigh incredible that such acts came from men who were themselves sacrificing everything for liberty. North and South went hand-in-hand, and Massachusetts was as guilty as Virginia. The "almost infinite labor" which Mr. Williams affirms has been spent in preparing this portion is by no means wasted, for he is able to back every statement with citations from colonial records, and presents an array of appalling facts that would seem incredible save for just such authorities. But he tells the truth with no bitterness. The whole is accepted as inevitable, and described with a pathetic and simple dignity that wins him profound respect and sympathy. His descriptions of the negro as a soldier in all our wars is full of interest. We are familiar with their Rebellion record, and accounted for their unexpected bravery and trustworthiness by the fact that they had everything to stimulate; but the same spirit ruled in earlier days, when no prospect save that of continuous slavery lay before them.

The legal status of the negro, his intellectual capacity as witnessed in Derham the physician, Banneker the astronomer, and Fuller, the mathematician, and the present and future of the race, are all discussed at length with intense and vehement yet always restrained feeling. The book demands the careful attention of every thoughtful man and woman. Its faults are too insignificant for more than the lightest mention, and it takes rank at once with the best historical work the century has known.

CRITICS seem divided in their estimate of Mr. Clark's attempt² to solve certain theological problems, many of the religious papers asserting that whatever his intentions may have been, the real effect of his work is to undermine the authority of Scripture. The author certainly had no such thought. He is one of the many men filling active pastorates, and watching with painful interest the increase of rationalistic and materialistic tendencies. He considers his book merely tentative. "Investigation," he writes, "has not finished its work, the realm of truth is as yet but half explored, and I am quite aware that the views and conclusions here presented can be, at the best, but an approximation to the truth." Fifteen chapters sum up these approximations, most of them devoted to problems connected with the Hebrew Scriptures; and he argues at length, for instance, to prove that the builders of the Tower of Babel were innocent of wrong intent. As a rule his points have more vital interest. He is sometimes a little obscure, as in his chapter on "The Unity of Life," wherein one cannot be quite certain what his own conclusions really are, though as a whole he seems to accept the doctrine of evolution, with "a supernatural intervention of the Creator, imparting to man superior moral and intellectual powers." Most of his points will be questioned, and here is the chief value of the book—its power to stimulate thought and discussion and insure a better understanding of what is vital truth, and what mere husk, to be cast aside once for all.

OF our subscribers for the first year an amazingly small percentage have failed to renew, while of those who have renewed their subscriptions, more than one-half have sent us another subscription with their own. For this evidence of appreciation the staff of *THE CONTINENT*, one and all, desire to render hearty thanks. We shall endeavor by renewed diligence to repay the favor we have received.

(1) HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA. From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as slaves, as soldiers and as citizens; together with a preliminary consideration of the unity of the human family, an historical sketch of Africa, and an account of the negro governments of Sierra Leone and Liberia. By George W. Williams, first colored member of the Ohio Legislature, and late Judge Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic of Ohio, etc. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. 451-611, \$3.50 per volume. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

(2) FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS. Chiefly Relating to the Book of Genesis and the Hebrew Scriptures. By Edison L. Clark, Minister of the Congregational Church, Southhampton, Mass. 12mo, pp. 217, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



A NEW edition of Keats, in four volumes, edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, is to appear in the early autumn, the last two volumes being made up chiefly of letters.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS finds relaxation after the completion of his great work on the Italian Renaissance in lighter descriptive sketches, soon to be published under the title of "Italian Byways."

THE magnificent library of Lord Ashburnham will probably be bought by the British Museum, to which it has been offered by the present Lord Ashburnham for \$800,000. Even at this price, the collection is a bargain, which is likely not to fail of consummation.

"GOOD LITERATURE," though one of the most unobtrusive of our weekly literary journals, is proving itself one of the most valuable, its selections being made with excellent judgment, and its criticisms of current literature being crisp and satisfactory. It has lately passed into the hands of Taintor Brothers, of New York, who will alter and improve it in some respects.

M. H. CATHERWOOD, whose excellent work in "Stephen Guthrie," which formed one of the pleasantest features in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1883, and which has never met the recognition it deserved, has a short story in the number for March, which is an especially attractive one. An article on "The Civilized Indian," by Alfred M. Williams, is of unusual value in its full and clear account of the Cherokee "Nation," and what it has accomplished since this title was taken.

THE beautiful and carefully-edited edition of "Socrates, a translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato," issued some years ago by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now given in a cheaper form, which places it within the reach of all. After Jowett's edition of Plato there is nothing comparable to the fidelity and purity of the work given here, the selections made being those of most interest to the general reader, who is often daunted at any attempt to read Plato by the formidable aspect of the large editions, though it may be added that whoever reads the little given here will surely find it involving the necessity for more. (Paper, pp. 159, 50 cents).

THE latest work of the lamented Dr. George M. Beard is in a pamphlet entitled "Herbert Spencer on American Nervousness: A Scientific Coincidence," which shows a most extraordinary coincidence between the thoughts and even words of Mr. Spencer in his speech on "American Nervousness" and a work by Dr. Beard published some two years ago. Passages are compared in two parallel columns, and while there is no hint or suggestion of plagiarism on Mr. Spencer's part, it is a very singular presentation of facts, which will undoubtedly be welcomed by the various clergymen who have insisted that their reproduction of other men's sermons was simply instances of unconscious cerebration. (pp. 17, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons).

IN "The Princess and Curdie," George MacDonald gives the adventures of the boy introduced to us in "The Princess and the Goblin." Like all his later books, it is unreasonably diffuse, and the moral always aggressively uppermost; but, accepting these defects, which are inseparable from the work of a man who gives himself no time to take in and pours out from a steadily-lowering re-

servoir, there is much to enjoy. There are lovely fancies, tender and suggestive thoughts, and sufficient adventure to interest the child, who will often fail to see the meaning plain to older readers. (12mo, pp. 255, \$1.25; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

ONE of the most interesting and valuable books of the year will be found among the spring announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. E. V. Smalley has long been known as one of the most accurate and brilliant writers on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and his "History of the Northern Pacific Railroad" is the result of much labor and careful observation, the story being told from its first suggestion of beginning, in 1834, up to the present date. The firm have also become publishing agents for the "Johns Hopkins University Studies" in Historical and Political Science, the latest number of which is "Local Government in Illinois," by Albert Shaw, A. B., and "Local Government in Pennsylvania," by E. R. L. Gould, A. B.

"THE HOME NEEDLE," by Ella Rodman Church, the latest number in "Appleton's Home Books," is also one of the most valuable of the series. Mrs. Louise Kirkwood, in her "Sewing Primer," has done invaluable service to mission sewing-schools, where her system lightens the labors of both teacher and pupil, but this is on a larger plan, and covers the needs of all home-workers. It takes up no space with ornamental work, which has already innumerable manuals of all grades, but is devoted solely to dressmaking, the mending-basket and every stage of home sewing, the directions being plain and easily followed. The only weak point in the book is the cuts, which, in dressmaking especially, have small application to the needs of to-day, and betray their English origin at once. (12mo, pp. 128, 50 cents).

A VERY charming piece of work for young people will be found in the pages of "Page, Squire and Knight: A Romance of the Days of Chivalry," which is not so much translation as a very free adaptation of the "Franchise" of Madame Colomb by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, who has done excellent original work for boys. The scene is laid in Southern France in the very height of the feudal system, the period being the later years of Henry II of England and his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. "Franchise" is the name of a sword made by the father of the child, who by the chances of war is thrown under Queen Eleanor's protection, and passes through the various grades of the title. There is all the adventure the most exacting boy could ask, yet no sensationalism, and the thick book with its hundred and more illustrations is one of the best recent additions to literature for the young. (12mo, pp. 326, \$2.25; Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

MR. JENNINGS' demolition of American novelists and American novels, in his much-quoted article in the *Quarterly Review*, has an offset in one which, curiously enough, appeared almost simultaneously in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which proves to be as reassuring as the former was discouraging. The author writes: "We have before us a large number of little volumes which, originally published in Boston—the favored dwelling-place of the Longfellow and Emersons, the Wendell Holmeses and Whittiers, the Agassizes and Lowells—now appear almost simultaneously in London and Edinburgh. They justify us in saying that the novel, which was declining in England, has emigrated to the United States, where it is born again with new qualities derived from the observation of different manners and characters, or due to the temperament itself of a race which still possesses the fresh and vigorous traits of youth. It is to America, beyond all dispute, that we are indebted to-day for the best novels written in English." What will Mr. Jennings say to this?

THE present interest in the Jewish question gives value to every contribution to the subject, and thus "The Jews of Barnow," from the German of Karl Emil Franzos,

translated by M. W. Macdowell, is of special importance as shedding light on certain conditions still existing in Eastern Galicia. Franzos may or may not be a Jew—this point being still actively disputed and still unsettled—but he knows every phase of Jewish life, its superstitions, its bigotry, its incredible ignorance and intolerance. He knows, also, its capacity for self-immolation, its faithfulness and deep affection, and can give the inward pathos and power of these hampered and clouded lives as no one has yet done. The horribly degraded position of the women, and the impossibility of real development for any one born to such surroundings, is one of the most penetrating impressions left by the book, which is a collection of sketches, all based on fact, and all powerful and dramatic. "The Child of Atonement" is perhaps one of the most pathetic, but all have this quality, the book being of a thoroughly depressing character, and one that requires well-grounded and even obstinate cheerfulness in the reader who would not be made temporarily wretched. (16mo, pp. 334, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

THE lovers of biography who may chance upon the "Memoir of Annie Keary," by her sister, have a great pleasure in store, for nothing tenderer or more delicate in tone and execution has been done in many a day. Miss Keary's novel of "Oldbury," published some years since, is perhaps best known by American readers, though "Castle Daly" and "A Doubting Heart" are almost equal favorites. Miss Keary's life was so secluded, and her nature so shrinking and gentle, that she never became public property; and very few writers have succeeded in keeping their own personality so thoroughly out of their books. Irish by birth, her father, who began life as an Irish officer, gay and light-hearted, ended it as a rector of Bilton, a secluded and quiet little parish, where the children were all rigidly and carefully trained, though Annie was always her father's companion, and took her first lessons in story-telling at his knee. Her imagination was intensely active, and as she listened to his stories of campaigning life she lived it all with him, and reproduced the whole in her plays. It was a household of not only deep but demonstrative affections, and it is a lovely family group given in the opening chapters. Death came and many sorrows, chief and most enduring a broken engagement; but all seemed necessary to the development of the nature which grew richer and sweeter with every year. Her literary career is full of interest, but her personal life even more so. She went through many phases of belief, but held always to central truths, and reached middle life, living at last as much in heaven as on earth, her passing from it being a quiet and joyful "good night to men—good morning to the angels." (12mo, pp. 250, \$1.75; Macmillan & Co., London and New York).

NEW BOOKS.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER, Done Into English Prose. -By Andrew Lang, M. A., Walter Leaf, M. A., and Ernest Myers, M. A.

AN HONORABLE SURRENDER. By Mary Adams. 16mo, pp. 323, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ON THE DESERT: With a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D. D. 12mo, pp. 330, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.

GERALDINE HAWTHORNE. By Beatrice May Butt. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, pp. 236, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

A WORD, ONLY A WORD: A Romance. By George Ebers. From the German. By Mary J. Safford. 18mo, pp. 348, \$1.00. William S. Gottaberger, New York.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY. By Henry George. Paper, pp. 410, 20 cents. John W. Lovell & Co., New York.

A NEW THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By Benjamin G. Ferris. 12mo, pp. 278, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells, New York.

MIRABEAU: An Historical Drama. By George H. Calvert. 12mo, pp. 103, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

FIGURES OF THE PAST. From the Leaves of Old Journals. By Josiah Quincy. 12mo, pp. 404, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



THE remarkable discovery of fluid-bearing quartz crystals, mentioned in No. 56 of THE CONTINENT, was made by Wm. E. Hidden, mineralogist, who recently read a paper on the subject of his "find" before the New York Academy of Sciences. Through an inadvertency, his name was not published with the paragraph referred to.

PROFESSOR BESSEY, of Iowa, writes to the New York Tribune the following interesting account of the *smut of wheat*: "The term *smut* is popularly applied to two quite different diseases of the wheat-plant. In this country it generally means a disease which leaves the grain nearly its normal size and shape, but filled with a black dust of very disagreeable odor. It is a true disease, and like many of the diseases of animals and man, is the result of the growth of a parasitic plant. This wheat parasite consists of slender threads of microscopic size, which insinuate themselves between the cells and tissues of the young wheat-plant, drawing therefrom the nutrient matters, and thereby reducing considerably the general vitality of the affected plant. As is well known, an ordinary plant consists of a great number of cells, each resembling a microscopic bladder, filled with protoplasm, water and some other substances. Were our eyes stronger the interior of a young wheat-plant would appear not much unlike a barrel of potatoes, the potatoes representing the cells. The cells in the plant, much as the potatoes in the barrel, have empty or vacant spaces between one another. If we can imagine some slender plant growing up between the potatoes in the barrel and drawing nourishment from them, we will have a crude illustration of the manner in which the smut parasite attacks the wheat-plant. When the wheat begins to head the parasitic threads push their way into the young kernels, and there find an abundance of food. Here the parasite reaches its highest development, and produces an abundant crop of its minor black spores, to serve as seed for the next year's crop. A wheat kernel thus filled with spores is generally a little shorter and thicker than a healthy grain, and is always of a dark-greenish color. Upon crushing it, a most offensive odor is given off by the black, dusty mass of the interior. If we put some of this black dust under a good microscope we shall see that it is made up of round bodies, the individual spores, which in these low plants answers the same purpose as the seeds of the higher ones. When the smutted grains are broken, as many are in thrashing, the spores adhere to the tuft of hairs on the normal grains, and are thus sown with the latter. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that the disease is propagated by the spores, and that the sowing of seed containing smut pores is followed, under favorable conditions, by a new crop of smut. When we come to the question of prevention it is at once evident that whatever will destroy the spores or eliminate them from the seed-wheat will, in so far, lessen the liability to the disease. As the smutted grains are lighter than the normal ones they can be floated out by throwing the seed-wheat into water and violently agitating it. The common "smut mills" of the miller may also be used, although in this case there is considerable danger of mechanical injury to the normal grains. In whatever manner the smutted grains are removed it must be borne in mind that

many spores adhere to those which are not smutted, and these spores must be removed or destroyed, or but little good will come from the operation. This last may be accomplished by the use of caustic lime, which may be applied in the dry state to the wetted wheat after the washing spoken of above. A solution of blue-stone (copper sulphate) is also much used by English farmers for the purpose, and appears to destroy the life of the spores without injuring the wheat."

"SCIENCE" publishes the following report, given by Captain George E. Belknap, commander of the U. S. steamer *Alaska*, of a singular meteoric phenomenon witnessed in the western horizon while at sea in the North Pacific: "The sun had set clear, leaving the lower sky streaked with gorgeous tints of green and red, while the new moon, three days old, gave out a peculiar red light of singular brilliancy. Suddenly, at three minutes before five o'clock, a loud rushing noise was heard, like that of a large rocket descending from the zenith with immense force and velocity. It was a meteor, of course, and when within some ten degrees of the horizon it exploded with great noise and flame, the glowing fragments streaming down into the sea like huge sparks and sprays of fire. Then came the most wonderful part of the phenomenon, for, at the point in the heavens where the meteor burst, there appeared a figure, like the shape of an immense distaff, all aglow with a bluish-white light of the most intense brilliancy. It kept that form for perhaps two minutes, when it began to lengthen upward, and grow wavy and zigzag in outline from the action of the wind, and gradually diminishing in breadth, until it became a fine, faint spiral line, at its upper end dissolving into the fast gathering clouds the meteor seemed to have evoked. It so remained, a gorgeous scroll of light, emblazoning an arc of some fifteen or twenty degrees in the heavens, and with all its vividness and brilliancy of coloring, for ten minutes longer, when it began to fade, and finally disappeared at eleven minutes past five o'clock, apparent time. So grand and startling had been the effect produced, that it might have been likened to a thunderbolt and its trail indelibly engraved upon the sky. All on board gathered on deck to look at the wonderful phenomenon, and all said they had never seen so marvelous a sight before. Had the meteor struck the ship, it would doubtless have been the last of the *Alaska*, and no vestige would have been left to tell the tale of her loss. And to those who witnessed this strange and unwonted manifestation of the forces of the universe comes the suggestion of possible unthought-of cause of sometime disasters at sea."

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

February 21.—A French political crisis necessitated the formation of a new cabinet by the Premier, M. Jules Ferry.—The U. S. steamship *Ashuelot* reported foundered in the China Seas, with the loss of eleven lives.—Two hundred and thirty-two convicts were locked up at Sing Sing, New York, for refusing to work. . . . **Feb. 22.**—In the British House of Commons, Mr. Forster made serious charges against Mr. Parnell for complicity in the Irish assassinations. Mr. Parnell made no reply.—James Gamble died in Williamsport, Pa. . . . **Feb. 23.**—Mr. Parnell replied to Mr. Forster's attack, but failed to make a favorable impression on the English public.—There was a dangerous revolt in the penitentiary at Jefferson, Mo., the prisoners setting the shops on fire, and making a preconcerted attempt to escape. The damage by fire amounted to \$500,000, but not a prisoner escaped.—The President signed the Japanese Indemnity Fund bill.—Dr. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and formerly President of Williams College, died, aged sixty years.—A fire in Georgetown, S. C., de-

stroyed wharves and warehouses to the value of \$70,000. . . . **Feb. 24.**—The Augustinian Society, Lawrence, Mass., an institution for receiving the funds of Roman Catholics, failed, under much the same conditions as in the case of Archbishop Purcell, in Cincinnati. . . . **Feb. 25.**—Socialistic plots were discovered in Brussels and in Andalusia, Spain.—Two more unsuccessful attempts were made to burn the Missouri Penitentiary.—The mills of the St. Joseph Lead Company, at Terre Bonne, Mo., were burned; loss, \$300,000.—Fire caused a loss of \$70,000 in Washington, Iowa. . . . **Feb. 26.**—The Senate called on the President for information regarding an alleged conference of European powers with a view to bringing about peace between Chili and Peru, objection being made to such interference in American affairs.—Mrs. Marshall Jewell died in New York. . . . **Feb. 27.**—David Davis, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, sent in his resignation, to take effect March 3, and afford opportunity to elect a successor before adjournment.—The House of Representatives passed the bill for increased pensions to one-armed and one-legged soldiers, also a bill appropriating \$100,000 for a public building in Jefferson, Mo.—Two earthquake shocks were felt at Newport, R. I. . . . **Feb. 28.**—The House of Representatives passed a bill ordering a re-appraisal of the steamer *Planter*, captured during the Rebellion by Robert Smalls and a party of volunteers.—The Senate confirmed the appointment of Martin I. Townsend to be U. S. Attorney for Northern New York.

THE DRAMA.

MR. RAYMOND presents his new play, "In Paradise," in Philadelphia for the first time on March 19, at the Walnut Street Theatre.

At the close of Mr. Booth's performance in Berlin, the supporting cast surfeited him with praise, and the principal members kissed him on both cheeks, a mark of appreciation decidedly startling to the American temperament.

MRS. LANGTRY, it appears, contemplates remaining here another season. She lately stated that she was negotiating with Mr. Boucicault to write a play suited to her, and if later developments proved auspicious she would stay. Her present tour will probably terminate in April by a two weeks' engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

"HEART AND HAND," Lecocq's latest comic opera, has lately been done in New York at two theatres, the Bijou Opera House and the Standard Theatre. The theme is an old one, and lacks humor. The music is dull, and falls far short of that sprightliness and melody which is such a pronounced characteristic of the composer's former work.

WHETHER we are to have a new opera next fall from Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan hinges upon the lasting-power of "Iolanthe" in London. Should the enormous audiences which have attended thus far show signs of diminishing, they will immediately set about preparing something new. Mr. Gilbert is said to have accumulated a fortune of nearly half a million of dollars from his writings, and is about to build a magnificent dwelling in the West End of London.

THE greatest personal success this season has undoubtedly been that of Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in "A Parisian Romance." The part, that of an unprincipled *roué*, who dies in the midst of his dissipation, was refused by Mr. Stoddart, of the company. It was then entrusted to Mr. Mansfield's hands, who had been known before as a comedian of marked ability in comic opera. His performance the first night amazed everybody, and to his acting, the great success the play has attained is mainly attributed.

"MY PARTNER," which made its author, Mr. Bartley Campbell, famous in a night, still retains a secure position in public favor, and has gained for Messrs. Aldrich and Parsloe in the four years since its initial production a fortune apiece. The one thousandth performance was lately commemorated at the Windsor Theatre, New York, by tasteful souvenirs. Mr. Parsloe's performance of the Chinaman has elicited the warmest words of approval. His peculiar talent is apparently inherited, as it is recorded that, in 1828, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, his father appeared in a Chinese dance. The play will soon be produced, for the second time this season in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street Theatre.



Bridget.—“Wud ye plaze answer me wan question, mum?”

Mistress.—“Certainly. What is it?”

Bridget.—“Well, mum, me an’ Mariar wuz disputin’ as what wuz thim in the picture over the mantel?”

Mistress.—“Why, Bridget, those are Raphael’s Cherubs.”

Bridget.—“Och, thin, the two of us wuz wrong entirely; I said they wuz twins and Mariar said they wuz bats.”

How Tom Saved the Train.

AROUND the stove, at the village inn,
The usual company were seated,
To drink and smoke and chaff and grin
At tales too broad to be repeated.

A moment silence held her reign,
And then a voice her realms invaded:
“Tom, tell us how you saved the train!”
Tom was not loth to be persuaded.

But first a horn of applejack
He “put away” preparatory;
Then ‘gainst the wall he braced his back,
And thus began his startling story:

“Upon the track, and on the ties,
One clear night I was homeward hieing,
When, ‘cross the rails, before my eyes,
I saw, O Heavens! a great beam lying.

“It shone, a ghastly body there—
All ways at once my feelings drifted.
Although it seem’d so light, I swear
I hadn’t then the power to lift it.

“A sudden rumble and a roar
Struck frightfully upon my hearing—
Louder and louder than before—
I knew the night express was nearing.

“With helplessness I weaker grew,
And, fainting, on my knees was falling.
What should I do—what could I do—
To avert disaster so appalling?

“On me it came! As in a dream
I thought I saw the dead and dying.
I sprang between the track and beam—
And on, unharmed, the train went flying!”

A moment’s hush. You might have heard

A dew drop. One said: “I can’t see, sir,
Just how that blamed old beam was stirred.”

“I didn’t touch it; it touch’d me, sir.”

“But,” he persisted, “tell this much;
I want the answer that I go for:
You couldn’t lift, you didn’t touch,
Pray, how then did the train get over?”

Said Tom, as toward the door he went:
“Why, don’t you see? Now don’t get mad. Oh!

It was a *moon-beam* that I meant:
I sprang between and left my shadow!”

A dozen glasses flew in air,
And ‘gainst the closing door were shatter’d;

But wily Tom, no longer there,
Stood outside; so it little matter’d.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

After Many Years.

ONLY a lock of hair—
Of soft brown hair—
With faintest trace of gray;

Foot-prints of time and care
Uniting there
Yesterday and to-day.

When life was young and fair,
A tress of hair—
Brown hair—you gave me there;
A tiny braid to wear—
Ken you not where?
’Twas yesterday—Brown hair!

Some reap where others sow!
Cruel? Ah, no!
That precious lock of hair,
Untouched by winter’s snow,
Long, long ago
Was lost—mis-laid somewhere.

Whence comes this brown and gray
To me to-day?
Dear ghosts of years long fled,
Why will ye haunting stay?
Begone, I pray!
All but “to-day” is dead!

Ah! whether false or true?
The old or new?
I often wonder which.
Ah, if I only knew!
It makes me blue
Not to know—which was *switch*!

JOHN HAVARD.

A Change.

“WORTH makes the man!”—you know the rest—
’Tis truth this line expresses.
We’ve changed all that in modern days,
Since Worth now makes the dresses!

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.